

THE
CHARACTER
OF
A Good Commander,
Together with a
SHORT COMMENDATION
Of the Famous
ARTILLERY
(More properly MILITARY)
Company of London;

ALSO
A Brief ENCOMIUM on the Great Duke,
and worthy Prince, Elector of *Brandenbourg*.

LASTLY
PLAIN DEALING with *TREACHEROUS DEALERS*.

Wherenuto is Annexed
The General Exercife of the Prince of *Orange's* Army.

By Captain *THO. PLUNKET*.

Licensed, *March* the 4th. 1689.

London, Printed for *William Marshall* at the Bible in *Newgate-Street*, 1689.

A Good Commander.
OF
CHARACTER
THE

SHORT COMMUNICATION

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

ARTICLE

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Company of London;

0211

A. B. and worthy Prince, Eldest of B. and C.

Y. E. 2. A. 1.

PLAIN DENNING & REYNOLDS COMPANY

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The General Exercise of the Prince of Orange

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

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Lower Third of Yellow Tuff as the Blue in Yellow Tuff. 1887.

T O

His most Excellent MAJESTY,

WILLIAM III.

By the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France,*
and *Ireland*, Defender of the True Faith.

What greater Good than timely preservation,
From Fire and Sword, Destruction, Devastation, &c.
Can come to any Countrey, great or small ?
Which I suppose will be confest of all,
That Heav'n hath pitch'd on You, truth to advance,
And work for us such great Deliverance ;
None but blind Papists, will or dare deny,
Or blinder Protestants ; (for such we spy.)
You came, *Sir*, in the very nick of time,
Even when our Foes were in the very prime ;
Yea, when they wanted nothing but the word
From Hell, and bloody *France*, to draw the Sword,
To Kill, Burn, Massacre, (&c.) just then you come,
For which we praise the Great **JEHOVAH's** Name :
For which, to thank you all good Men are bound,
For which You shall for ever be renown'd.

*You that
kick at
this Pro-
vidence,
the same
Provi-
dence
may kick
you out of
all, if you
don't
mend
your man-
ners.*

The DEDICATION.

For all the Protestants throughout the World,
 Had into woful miseries been hurl'd,
 If *Britain* had been lost, and all subverted;
 But such a Curse your comming hath averted;
 Also preserv'd our Lives and Liberties,
 And freed us from a Thousand Tyrannies:
 Yet shall you meet with vile ingratitude,
 Rubs, Censures, Cavils, and base blanditude, &c.
 Yea, and from Stars of the first Magnitude?
 To Christ, the King of Kings, be all the praise,
 That did your worthy noble Highness raise,
 To do for him so great, so good a work,
 (As great work as conquering the Turk:)
 The Lord preserve You from the hands of those,
 That to his Kingdom are the greatest Foes;
 He bleſs and guide you still to do such things,
 As may Record you 'mong the best of Kings.
 Some have foretold of a Ninth *Henry*, which
 Should do great things for *England*; poor and rich;
 And for the true Religion very much.
 And that he should e'er Ninety two appear,
 And put the brats of *Babylon* in fear;
 That at his Fame they would be very sad,
 And fly in haste; which would make good men glad:
 I may with Reason (and good reason to)
 Conclude it can be no Man else but you;
 Sith the event hath answer'd the prediction,
 Attended also with Heavens Benediction:
 The God of wonders worketh wonders still,
 And with those wonders all the World doth fill.

*I have
 heard
 this when
 I was a
 boy, above
 Fifty
 years ago*

The DEDICATION.

Mira sunt Opera Dei.

He looks down from his high and lofty Throne,
And laughs at such as cry, The day's our own,
By Babes and Children, often he befools
Great Dons and Doctors of the learned Schools.
He tosseth Kings and Kingdoms to and fro,
And maugre all their might can lay them low.
Some he lifts up, and some throws down the Hill;
The Reasons are absconded in his will.

Stat pro ratione voluntas.

He doth astonish mighty Kings and States,
And casteth at his feet the prime Magnates.
He taketh crafty Counsellors in their
Own Nets; and trampleth Judges in the mire.
Plotters, and such as bloody mischief hatch,
He doth them in their own devices catch;
He makes them fall into the pit they made
For others, because Murder is their trade.

Inciderunt in foveam, quam fecerunt.

He can discover all their subtil tricks,
And quite befool them in their politicks.
He breaks the power of such as Tyrannize;
And brings to nought the wisdom of the Wise.
He makes the guilty flee, when none pursue;
And in his time, will pay them all their due.
He breaks and scatters Armies when he please,
And crusheth Kings and Counsellors with ease.
Their Chancellors he can infatuate,
And cause them to mistake the Rules of State;
Yea, make them in stone-doublets see their Fate.

Th...

The DEDICATION.

Their close Cabals he quickly can unbover,
And all their trust contrivances discover;
Their deeds of darkness he can bring to light,
And turn their Day into a lasting Night.
These matters to Your Highness are no news,
And which are owned by the very Jews;) H
But they are too too serious and sublime,
For the debauched Bullies of the time;
The celsitude of any Theam is gall,
To such as are at *Flora's* wanton call.
But my Muse scorns to humour such, as of
Æthereal strains can make a jeer and scoff;
Or tread the Mazes where such Satyr range,
As can their honour for dishonour change;
Or please such curious, quaint, fly, wanton Wits,
As can be hot, cold, bad and good by fits.
One thing (*Great Sir*) I cannot supersede,
(Of which, in History, all Men may read)
Which ignorant or envious people have
Labour'd to hide, (for such love to deprave;)
And that is, (spite of malice, spleen and gall)
Here to record what should be known to all;
Viz. That the seven Provinces are owing to
Your most renowned Ancestors, and You,
For that high Grandeur which they now possess,
And other benefits, even to excess;
Whose noble actions fill the Trump't of Fame,
While *Nero's* fume and fret to hear the same:
To rank You with the Worthies of this Age,
Will envy put into a furious rage.

But

The DEDICATION.

But where the Truth is laid, (and nothing more)
There's the less need to fear that chafed boar.

A restless passion's full of jealousies
Of Fears and Cares; it seems all ears and eyes;

*Envy is
restless.*

'Tis always listening for one tale or other,
To undervalue ev'n his only Brother.

But noble Souls, slight what depravers say,
So virtue, while it suffers, wins the day.

Virtus dum patitur vincit!

Your Highness in few Weeks hath done such things
As have astonish'd all *European* Kings.

Who could of such Catastrophe's Divine,
When *Philadelphia* did with sorrow pine,
And *Sion* trampled underfoot by Swine?

O what stupendious changes have we seen
Of late? have such in *England* ever been?

God hath made you the happy instrument
To introduce this healing Parliament.

By your wise conduct we have Halcion days,
Since you have Crown'd the Protestants with Bays;
Viz. Great Victories; and without blood-shed too:

This shews us what almightiness can do:

Some have the Laurel won by blood and strage,
But you in peace have climb'd the *British* Stage.

The Sun of Providence here shall not set,
Till it do that, which done it hath not yet.

The Wheel within the Wheel still goeth round,
Turks, * Atheists, Popes and Papists to confound:

Mean time (illustrious Prince) be pleased to
Accept this Mite which I present to You.

*Ezek. i.
16.
* False
Prote-
stants.*

Of

But

The DEDICATION

Of Your good Nature, much I have been told;
Which did encourage me to make so bold
As to adventure on the Dedication
Of this small book (though with some * Hesitation)
To your renowned self; wherein you may
Read your own self, (as I may truly say)
For 'tis a noble subject, fit for none
But Martial Spirits, and for them alone;
Whereof your kind acceptance (Sir) will be
A favour, and encouragement to me.
May Heaven protect and always on You smile,
And make you ev'n a *Moses* to this Isle;
As it hath already hath begun to do,
Who honours God, God will him honour too.
May all your Foes before you fall and fly,
And *Romish* rags be bury'd totally.
May God direct and guide you Night and day,
For which (no doubt) good Protestants shall pray:
And so shall I my self, among the rest,
In which and all things else, I'll do my best

To serve and honour Your Majesty
according to my power

April the 10th. 1689.

Tho. Plunket.

An

AN
Advertisement

TO THE
READER.

I Think it necessary in this place to give the World a short Account of some things relating to my self, to avoid surmises and sinister Constructions, having now (and not till now) found a fit opportunity after my Forty five years Obscurity, to satisfy Enquirers by giving them the reasons of my so long and voluntary Exile, wherein I shall be as brief as possible.

The Name and Family of the Plunkets are not Irish Originally, but descended from the Romans, but have been in Ireland almost a thousand years. My Father was of the House of Dunsaney in East-Meath, and brought up in the Romish Religion until towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's Reign, when about the age of fourteen years, he came off from Popery, and became a zealous Protestant, and so continued till death; and because he was the first of our Name that turn'd Protestant, he was therefore extremely hated by many great Papists, and all their Clergy, so that they waited an opportunity to do him some mischief one way or other; and at last they found one, for a little before the Rebellion in 1641,

An Advertisement to the Reader.

he fell sick, and in that his sickness a Popish Physician poison'd him; fearing (as being a man of a great spirit) he might (as he would have done) by his repute and interest in the Country, obstruct their designs thereabouts. And the said Physitian confess'd upon his Death-bed that he poison'd him for no other cause but his being a Protestant; and that he was put upon it by others. And at the beginning of the Rebellion the Papists Plunder'd and burnt our House, whereby nine Orphans of us were expos'd to great hardships and miseries, as well as many thousands more. My Grandfather had an Estate left him by the Lord Dunstaney, whose second Son he was; but betwixt him and my Father, partly by Gaming, but mostly by engaging for others, all the Estate was gone. As soon as I heard (being then at Dublin) what bloody work the Papists made in the Country, by murdering the Protestants, I resolv'd to oppose and fight against them to the utmost of my power, and presently Lifted my self in Sir Charles Coot's Regiment, then sixteen years of Age, and continued in the Wars until the Cessation made with the Rebels by the King's Order; whereupon about 8000. that fought successfully against the Rebels, were sent for by the King to fight for him in England, after which they never had success, but were always worsted.

After my Father's death, I found I was not only very much slighted and neglected by my Protestant Kindred, but hated and threatened by my Popish Kindred, for fighting against them, &c. as I was by other young Rebels; therefore to be no longer vext and griev'd with the unkindness of the one, and to avoid the danger of the other (whose malice I had but too much cause to fear) I resolv'd upon a voluntary Banishment, for at least twenty years (if I lived so long) and away came I with the Army (in Colonel Gibson's Regiment) in November 1643. Which Army at the Siege of Nantwich, were routed.

An Advertisement to the Reader.

rescued by Fairfax the (January following, where Colonel Monk (since Duke of Albemarle) with many others were taken, and sent up to the Parliament. And while I was in these parts, a Report being spread abroad (which was too true) that the King had many thousands of Papists in his Armies, and that in one of them were 6000. This as it very much offended me, so it begat some thoughts in me of going to the Parliaments side, being also informed that they allow'd no Papists in their Army (which was true). But while I was musing what to do, some other Regiments came out of Ireland for the King, among which were many of my former Threatners, this rais'd in me a firm resolution, to List my self in the Parliaments Army, which I did soon after; and to escape the bloody intentions of those Threatners above said, and other such in time to come, as also to perplex my most unkind Kindred with a twenty or thirty years silence, in which time I wou'd they should neither see me, nor hear from me, I changed my own name, and went by the name of Clark, and have hitherto, and was in many Fights and Skirmishes in the North of England, and at the great Battel on Marston-Moor in July 1644. And when Sir T. Fairfax aforesaid, was made General of that Victorious Army call'd the New Model 1645. I Listed my self in his own Regiment of Foot, wherein I continued fifteen years, during which time divers Officers, because they knew not who I was, concluded me to be of some base obscure, beggarly Parentage, for which I have been scorned and traduced by them, and others all along; and when I saw what great Changes and Alterations were in hand in the beginning of the Year 1660. in reference to things and persons, tending to a total subversion of that Interest and Cause, which I had so zealously owned, and engaged in from first to last, I could not in judgment and conscience recede from them, or any my former principles, by complying either

An Advertisement to the Reader.

to keep or get a place (as many Officers did) whereby I should have bespattered my Reputation (more dear to me than my life) and incurr'd that (to me) odious name of a Time-server; whereupon I threw up my Commission, and broke my Sword (losing all my Arresers, and much Money lent my Company) and so retired from all publick matters ever since. For it shall never be said, That a Plunket was false or guilty of any base unworthy treacherous Action for me; from which I have (by the Grace of God) kept my self clear at all times, especially these 29 years last past, wherein I have suffered many hard things for my integrity, being forced through the malice of Neighbours, Mayors, Informers, &c. to change my Dwellings fifteen times in twenty years. And as I lost all in Ireland for being a Protestant, so I lost all again in England, for being a Dissenter. But I am still semper idem, and resolve to be whilest I live, come what will of it. And though many hundreds (dead and alive) know what I was, and am, yet no man or woman knew who I was, till of late years.

THE

T H E P R O L O G U E.

OF Warlike Deeds my Muse affects
to write;
For Comedy's I love not to Endite;
Nor mimick Charms, or Madri-
gals to please,

Such as in Flora's Arms can sleep with ease:
They being Subjects fitter for the Pen
Of some fine Gallant, or hot Citizen;
A Merry Andrew, Mifs, or Ganymede:
But my quill scorns such pimping Paths to tread.
A Marshal Mind delights to Treat of Kings,
Noble Adventures, Wars, and such like things.
My self, upon Bellona's purple Stage,
An Actor was at Sixteen years of Age.
(A year almost ere Edge hill Fight begun,
Where many vap'ring Sparks first learnt to run.)
Most of the Warlike Projects of those days
I noted well; also the several ways;
And modes of Fighting still in mind I bear,
When Thousands, by one Thousand routed were.
In many bloody Battels I have been,
Where horror was in all its Colours seen;
Being almost Twenty Tears together in
The School of Mars, (but not in a whole skin.)
'Tis true, your Theoreticks may do well,
But 'tis Experience bears away the Bell.
Some brag at Taverns (and they not a few)
Of what they never saw, nor never knew.
What impudence is this! Others, that were
Pth' Wars, but Three, Two, nay, or but One year,
Or in a Fight, or Two, Oh, how they'll chat,
As if they did great things, but God knows
what!

Others again (for which they have been blam'd,)
Whereof I have been divers times asham'd,
Will basely jeer, and trample upon those
They overcome in Fight, though valiant foes.
Fy, on such dirty Spirits; but I doubt
They're of that Gang that first began the Rout;
And those are Cowards: And, as bad as they,
Or worse; are such, as will their Trust betray.
Oh! did I serve the Turk, I'd rather dy
A thousand Deaths, than through black Treachery
Betray my trust, let it be great or small,
For Treachery is worse than Devil and all.
The Traitor too, of all the World is hated;
Yea, ev'n by those, him to it animated.
Besides, he will be never trusted more
By any; no, they'll kick him out of Door.
But, leaving these; my self I shall apply,
Though briefly, and but superficially,
To give a little taste of what I have
Observ'd in some Commanders, wise and brave,
In the late bloody Wars; but naming none,
Including all of them, as 'twere in one;
Yet one of them transcending all the rest,
I chiefly aim at; being of all confest
To be the greatest Captain of his time,
And did up to the highth of honour climb;
However, I in general describe
A good Commander of the Martial Tribe,
Be he who he will; nor of him very much,
For (as I said) I will but at him touch;
For every Warlike Project to express,
Would be a Task too great for Hercules.

The PROLOGUE.

Time, strange Occurrents, new Necessities, &c.
 Will things produce, now latent from the wise.
 It seems a crime (still) to live soberly :
 Also to write, or speak Religiously.
 Many have thought that none good Subjects were,
 But such as drink and whore, and curse and swear ;
 That all, but such, are Fools and Cowards too ;
 That none, but such, brave things could ever do !
 I wonder where such brave things have been done !
 For in the Wars I never could see none
 Perform'd by swearing drunken Sots : No, no,
 For such a Kingdom always overthrow.
 Ten sober Men have charg'd five Tens of these,
 And broke their armed Ranks and Files with ease ;
 And chas'd them many Miles out of the Field,
 Making those swearers (whiningly) to yield,
 And cry for Quarter in a Panick fear,
 Lest Tea, and Nay, should them in pieces tear,
 Who, but i'th' Morning brag'd what they would do,
 In Routing, Killing, Taking, Hanging too ;
 Yet after all these valiant words, they ran
 At the first Charge, both in the Reer and Van.
 Pray then, what can be done by sottish Fools ?
 When was the day got by such wooden Tools ?
 Those Princes seldom win great Victories,
 Whose Captains live in base Debaucheries :
 Tea, they are often most abus'd by those
 In whom they do most confidence repose.

— Venit ad me pro amico blandus inimicus.
Seneca.
 But -- Qui verum dicit, nihil timere debet.

If 88 rouz'd horror from his Den,
 When Warriors were thought something more
 than Men,
 What if like dread should England now surprize,
 And bloody Papists should against us rise ?
 (For such a Plague, there's cause enough to fear ;
 Nay, don't we all expect it every year ?)
 Then, good Commanders would be priz'd in-
 deed,
 For they are precious in a time of need.
 But, I mean such, as in the Martial Art,
 Have skill acquired by the Practick Part,
 Or long experience in the art of War ;
 And many bloody Battels (near and far)
 Where Terrours ; Terrours did in clusters
 meet,
 And where in earnest, Cannons, Cannons greet.
 'Tis such, as win deserved Reputation ;
 Tea, 'mong their enemies high estimation.
 Some have I known to do such things, as have
 Made ev'n their Foes confess, 'twas very
 brave !
 Tea, with the Titans, dar'd to be at odds,
 As if they'd been descended from the Gods :
 'Tis such, (I say,) not Novices, that know,
 How to amuse, and match a crafty Foe.
 But my design is to describe but One,
 And in him, shew, what hath and might be
 done.

Ducis in consilio posita est virtus militum.

THE

T H E
C H A R A C T E R
O F

A Good Commander.

A Valiant, Wise Commander is a prize
Hard to be found amongst the vulgar size.

He bears a Generous, Vertuous, Noble Mind,
In whom (in all conditions) you shall find
All the parts of a Gentleman; for he
In Generosity, Civility,
Justice, Humanity, Humility,
And Courtesy, ev'n to his Enemy;
Also in many other worthy deeds,
Most Men and Gallants of the time exceeds;
Therefore the Muses do Record his Name,
And with his Vertues fill the Trump't of Fame.

He's one of a great Spirit, courage high,
Stands at a pinch, when others faint and fly.
He saith not to his Souldiers, go, but, come;
And 'mongst the Armed Squadrons maketh room.

He's the Atlas of a Commonwealth, for He
Bears Heav'n up with his Shoulders constantly;

That is, with Temp'ral Power, he defends
Religion, Christ's Kingdom, and his Friends.
He knows that Vertue doth consist in Action;
But sides not with the giddy-headed Faction.

When Wars are done, and bloody Battels cease,

His wisdom is the Rule and Guide of Peace;
'Specially if he hath at his command
A store of Arms, to arm a needful band.

For, *Arma pacis fulcra.*

He knows the way to Honour, lies through danger,

To which his Mind and Body is no stranger.
Without him ne'er expect a Victory,
But at the foot of enemies to ly.

He's Valiant upon all Attempts whatever,
Prudent, Constant, Faithful; no Deceiver.
He will not for a little hurt with-draw;
As some, when but a little scratch they saw.
He will not break his Sword against a Tree,
(Yet swear it was against an enemy)

As Major C—— did; nor pistol his Hat,

As Captain *Prater*, and Lieutenant *Chat*:

Nor run his Breeches, nor his Buff-coat through,

As Captain *B.* and Monsieur *W.*

Nor coin excuses in a time of War,

As hath that Blandilicious Colonel *R.*

The Character of a good Commander.

Nor counterfeit Morbosity, when well,
As that loquacious Coward, Captain *L.*
Nor creep into a Ditch, as Captain *A.*
Nor from the Battel hitch, as Major *Ba*—
There's many such, whose Valour lies in
words,
Deserve to wear (not Ir'n, but) wooden
Swords.

Nor is he one that's Valiant at a spurt;
No, no, he's far from being such a flurt.
As many Sparks that this hour will be stout,
But the next, very bravely face about;
For they cannot endure a while to stand;
Nor above all, to Combat hand to hand.
But our Commander you shall ever find,
Of a brave, steady, fixed constant mind;
Yet if he sees he shall be over-power'd,
With ten to one, rather than be devour'd,
He will (as he must needs) sound a Retreat,
As *Scipio*, *Hannibal*, *Pompey* the Great,
And other Valiant Worthies oft have done,
In the same case, or all been undone.
And more sometimes is done by policy,
Than force it self, against an Enemy.
But there's no power, policy, nor skill,
Can once withstand the Lord of Hosts his will.
Our Hero, to whom I return again,
Is one, who did his Country never stain:
He ne'er was guilty of debauched Crimes;
Nor will he change Religion with the Times,
As many now; yea, and some great ones too,
For many *Magnates* any thing will do,
To win the favour of the rising Sun:
And when he sets, they know which way to
run:
To th' Dev'l, or Tiburn, some may go per-
chance,
Others may trot to *Newgate*, *Rome*, or *France*;
For knaves have many Subterfuges, where
No honest Man durst ever yet appear.
But this brave Soul, whose Fame I now re-
cord,
Is always fixt, and faithful to his Word.
Let times be what they will, he firmly stands,
And ready to obey all just Commands.

He Herds not with the Beasts of Prey; no, no,
His Soul is more Seraphical than so.
He's no Time-server, no, he's not so base,
As to comply meerly to get a Place.
He will not change his Note, nor turn his
Coat;

No, not although he is left not worth a Groat.
While Temporizers turn to save their Bacon,
Which for *Nathanaels* too too long were
taken:

For another time hath them discover'd all;
Yet still are proud and confident withal.

Our General is careful that his Men
Are not debauch't; for he will now and then,
Walk up and down *incognito*, by Night,
Among their Tents, and sometimes in the
Light,

To hear, and see their several humours;
which,

They hearing, doth from Oathes restrain
them much:

A Vice, which Souldiers are so wedded to,
As if the Div'l had taught them so to do.
Nay, and some Captains are as bad, or
worse,

Who cannot speak, but they must Swear and
Curse,

At every trifling, petty Provocation,
Whereby they hast'n their own condemna-
tion.

And so, like Officers, like Souldiers too;
A swearing, cursing, rude debauched crew:
And such our General can't endure,
Of which he'll rid his Army to be sure.
For towards such, and all Offenders, he
Doth carry it with great severity:

Knowing if he pass by some hateful Crime,
'T would blast his Army, and himself in time:
Therefore strict Discipline he doth observe,
And spareth none that punishment deserve:
Whereby good Order he doth always keep,
That he might with a quiet Conscience sleep.
But some for writing thus, will call me
Whigg, &c.

And I, their Railing value not a Fig.

He likes not multitudes in Armies ; no,
Too many will themselves overthrow.
Not above Thirty Thousand he will have
For one Field Army. Numbers seldom save.
Great Multitudes, heaps of confusion are,
No Order keep, but always out of square ;
So rout themselves. When on the other
hand,

A small smart Army under good Command,
Well Disciplin'd, well Officer'd to boot,
Hath worsted mighty Armies, Horse and
Foot ;

Of which you'll find enough in History ;
And which my self, for Truth, can testify
In the late Wars, at many a bloody Fight,
In the Three Nations, by Day and Night.
Therefore to fear a huge untutor'd Host,
(Like that of which *Darius* made his boast,)
Is unto Cowardice too near a kin.
And such, a Victory do seldom win.
But our brave Hero, whom I now describe,
Is none of that exanimated Tribe.

He knows, that in great Numbers there may
be
But few good Souldiers ; not scarce One in
Three,

But be they few or many, good or bad ;
Yea, as brave Menas ever *Lewis* had,
Yet he has such skill, methods, wiles, and
ways,
Unknown to *France*, even in these skilful
days :

To baffle, or put some new trick upon them,
He'll seem to fly, and yet turn short upon
them ;

And suddenly rush on their strongest Wing,
Which be'ng unlookt for, will Confusion bring ;
Which commonly ends in destruction. For,
The *English* serv'd the *Scots* so at *Dunbar*,
At *Marston-moor*, *Preston*, and *Worster* too :
Where, though we won, yet 'twas with
much ado.

For, to speak truth, the *Scots* did pretty
well ;

But *Cromwell* 'twas that bore away the Bell,

From them, and others, *English*, *Irish*, all,
Be who they will, did there before him fall.
Whose fierce and furious ways of fighting, I
(Although long since) yet keep in Memory.
But hold ! I must return unto the Man,
Of whom I write, and tell you what I can.

He's still projecting how to worst his Foes,
Whom now and then he leadeth by the Nose
Into some of his Traps ; whence, while they
strive

To get away, he taketh them alive.
He'll cause some to be bidden to a Feast,
Then seize on them, half earnest, half in
jest :

And this he doth to gain Intelligence,
Keeping them with a friendly negligence.

He'll find away to burn some Houses where
They quarter, while himself is posted near ;
And in the great confusion it will make,
He presently will his advantage take.
I need not tell you what a panick fright
His Foes are in, who soon are put to flight ;
As needs they must, being round about beset,
And taken in a strangenew-fashion'd Net.

To get some strong hold of his enemy
He will devise a trick, (but secretly.)
His friends are to appoint a great Horse-
Race,

On such a day, near to the intended place ;
Which doubtless will draw many Souldiers out,
And divers of their Officers, no doubt :
Who, while their Minds are fixt upon the
sport,

His Troops rush in, betwixt them and their
Fort ;

By which Device they're taken in the Field.
And so the place forthwith is forc'd to yield :
Thus I could tell you where, and how 'twas
done,

In Sixteen Hundred, Forty three, and one.
Fairfax, his Regiment, in Forty eight,
(In which the second War was at the height,)
In *Yorkshire*, on a Moor, was near sur-
priz'd,

(A stratagem, the day before devis'd).

By full Three Hundred Horse, well mounted
all,
Which congress they would needs an Horse-
race call :

Most of our Souldiers (dreaming of no Plot)
Amongst the Horse-men scatteringly trot
Without their Arms ; which lay in Rank and
File

Five Hundred Yards from whence they were :
Mean while,

Three friendly Horse-men, running a full speed
Came to our Major, bidding him take heed,
For certainly those Troops had an intent,
Forthwith to fall upon our Regiment,
Now scatter'd, and to seize our Colours too :
Therefore, consider quickly what to do,
Said they to *White*, (which was our Majors
Name)

A daring, brave, bold Spirit 'sever came
Into a Field. Our Drums a larum beat ;
Arm, Arm, we cry ; our men (all in a sweat)
In order plac'd themselves immediately ;
Whereat, most of the Horse began to fly ;
The rest amazed stood a while, at last,
They also several ways did flee as fast.)
Their Hearts did fail them, (as themselves
confess'd)

Or they had that brave Regiment distress'd ;
While they were scattered upon the Moor
Without their Arms, (as you were told before)
Some of those Horse to *Langdale* fled a pace,
In *Cumberland* ; and told him what a Race
They had been at. This *Langdale* was a brave
Commander ; solid, valiant, wise, and grave ;
No hot-spur, no, but wary in each thing,
And but a few such Heroes had the King :
Not to be match'd by any other side,
Except old *Oliver* ; as had been try'd.

If *Langdale* had not strove against the stream,
(The stream of Providence, and things su-
pream)

He had done more than *Rupert*, and the rest :
He, *Hopton*, *Astly*, were adjudg'd the best,
For prudent conduct, in those blust'ring days,
On the King's side ; yet could not win the Bays.

By Hunting Matches too (on purpose made)
Some have been circumvented, and betrayd,
At Drinking-matches, Weddings, Bowlings ;
nay,

At Church, (and also Troopers making Hay)
Many have been surprized un-aware.
Young Captains, learn by this to have a care ;
Such as you have of many been the Loss,
And oft returned home by weeping Cross.

To these, and all such projects of this kind,
Our Hero is no stranger, you may find :
But is a stranger, and always hath been,
To what in many Gallants he hath seen ;
With whom, and such, he cares not to con-
verse ;

Yet seldom their misdoings will reherse.
His Thoughts on vertuous deeds are daily
bent,

His time is not in Courting Ladies spent.
No, but is vigilant, and circumspect,
That he no opportunity neglect,
T'anoy his Enemy ; whom he doth watch,
That he might him at some advantage catch.
He's careful all disasters to prevent ;

In fore-casting most of his time is spent :
Experience taught him dangers to foresee,
In every corner of the Camp he'll be.
He's still at work, when others are asleep,
A watchful eye on every hand doth keep ;
And in the Field, He will be last, and first ;
He'll die, before he will betray his trust.

High Enterprizes He will undertake,
His Life doth very often lie at stake.
He knows that Valour is the mean, between
Temerity, Fear, Fury, Gall, and Spleen :
And as He scorns to flinch, or shun his foe ;
So, He'll not rashly run himself into
Unnecessary dangers, that He may
(which ought in every Captain to bear sway)
To God, King, Country, be more service-
able,

Which to be, Rashness might him quite
disable.

His Souldiers of Him stand so much in awe,
That every word he speaks to them's Law ;
Yea,

The Character of a good Commander.

5

Yea, (which is rare) they love, and fear him too;

Without which Captains little good can do.
He'll do more with a frown from his stern brows,

Than many other Chieftains with their blows.
He brings not all his Men at once to fight,
Without constraint: But some keeps out of fight

For a Reserve; and when the Battle's ended,
He's careful (lest the rest should be offended)
Not to praise any Man more than another;
Winks at small faults, and greater (sometimes) smother;

Yet, bears in mind, or notes it with his Pen,
Still to prefer the most deserving Men.
He hates rapacity, (so do not some,
Which slaves, a Captains place did ne'er become)

Covetousness He knows incurreth hate,
And would his Souldiers love to him abate;
But He gives every Man his right, and due,
Which to his Honour greatly doth accrue;
His Groom, nor he that Weds his Chambermaid, &c.

No Captain, nor Lientenant shall be made:
Which hath been much in fashion, and is still;

But to such dirty Deeds he hath no will.
He's not greedy after trash and pelf;
He cannot act so much beneath himself:
No, He's more noble spirited than so,
As they can witness, that his Vertues know.
And as the *Romans* fear'd the Policies,
Tricks, Stratagems, and other Mysteries
Of *Hannibal*, more than his Army; though,
They once gave them a dismal overthrow;
So is our Hero's Conduct, dreaded more
Than all his Forces; for he hath in store
What *non-experience* cannot apprehend;
(And yet, to know great matters, will pretend.)

If he perceives th'encamped Enemy,
Scout, and keep watch, but somewhat carelessly;

He'll with all speed march towards them that Night;

Keeping his Army close, and out of sight;
Then (with a Guard) his Drums and Trumpets he

Will send to th'other side of th'enemy:
And there to sound and beat alarums, (which,
Th'encamped Foe will startle very much;) Also their Guards shall at some distance fire,
As oft as well they can; and so retire.

This makes the Foe bend all his thoughts that way,

So he go's onward to begin the Fray:
Thinking the adverse Army all is there;
When they, just then, are falling on the Rear:

Where must be slaughter and much mischief done;

And peradventure a great Vict'ry won:
Which to our Hero's Honour doth redound,
For few such Good Commanders can be found.

False News, he knows, are dangerous; also
Counterfeit Letters work an overthrow:
And when the Foe's misrepresented too, &c.
But in such cases he knows what to do.

Nay, perhaps too, some Traitor may be hir'd
(Or some curst Villain, like a friend attir'd)
To poison, stab, or pistol him by Night;
(In which he can more safely take his flight;)
Yet the all-seeing providence prevents,
(With care and guard) such cursed Instruments

(As oft it hath) by a discovery
Of their intended devilish Treachery.

But hark, the Trumpet sounds, I must be gone,
To see what by our Hero will be done.
He hath some Stratagems in hand, I see,
And I can partly tell you what they be.
He'll scatter many Caltraps in the way,
Or powder, cover'd with Straw, or Hay:
The one will make their Horses halt, but th'other

Will them amaze, confound, disperse, and smother;

Then

Then he falls on, and wins the Field no doubt.
The Prince of *Orange*, by this trick, did
rout

The *Spanish* Army, (then commanded by
Froud *Spinola*; who threatned vauntingly,
That he (before his Wife did shift her) would
England invade; which every where was told.
And, perhaps, he had done as he intended,
Had not the Prince of *Orange* him prevented.
(For, *Spain*, was the ascendant in those days,
And clouded *France* with its Meridian Rays;
Making her *Monsieurs* stoop, and hang the
Head;

Yea, and her Lilies under foot did tread:
But *France*, since that, of *Spain* has got the
start;

And like a bloody *Nero* plays her part.
Nay, and the Duke de *Alva*, swore he would
Surprise and Conquer *England*, if he could,
(That's well put in) because it helpt the
Dutch.

But *Orange*, in this too, restrain'd him much,
As he himself, and th'*English* too confest.

The present Prince of *Orange*, God hath
blest

And prosper'd, to save *England* from th' In-
vasion,

Of the black Popish-part of the *French* Na-
tion,

Which are for killing, burning, devasta-
tion, &c.

And shall we prove, to God, and him, un-
grateful?

A Vice, even to Barbarians so hateful.
Shall we forget this late deliverance,
Which, here, again, the Gospel doth ad-
vance?

Shall we slight what affects the very Jews?
Shall we, still, still more Miracles abuse,
As we have done? (would God it were not
true,)

Which evil, I, and many others rue:
Then, the next blow may with a vengeance
come,

And settle here in *England*, *France*, and *Rome*.

O vile ingratitude! you, you, and you,
Magnates, prime Magistrates, Priests, Je-
suits too,

And Myriads more, in this have oft trans-
grest,

But I return from whence I have digrest.

Our Hero with small Forces being in fight
Of th'Enemy, but yet is loth to Fight;
Because most of his Souldiers he finds
Discouraged, and troubled in their minds,
At the vast Army of the Enemy,
Which makes them quite despair of Victory.
Besides, they see themselves out-wing'd, al-
most

Five Furlongs (more or less) by th'other
Host,

Which daunts them very much; so, that
they cry,

'Twas dangerous either to fight, or fly.

This may fall out sometimes through negli-
gence

Of Scouts, (&c.) sometimes through false in-
telligence

Or treachery; sometimes through oversight,
Or th'envy of some great ones, that they might

Disgrace him if he should chance to be taken;
Or run for't, being of his Men forsaken.

But for all this, our Hero, though entrapt
By treachery, (to which some are so apt)

Yet spite of envy, and his potent Foes,
He'll come off with applause, and without

blows.

(For when force will not do, then policy
Must come in place, against an enemy.)

Two or three ways he can devise, to get
Out of this treacherous devised Net:

He'll frame a Letter, as if from a friend
Of the adverse General; which to him he'll

send

By one fit for the purpose, (and with speed)
Wherein he finds he's charg'd with some foul

deed;
And that another is appointed to
Succeed him: That most of his Captains

do

That

That Night intend for to betray him ; or,
Desert him quite with all their Souldiers ; for
He had distast'd them, (&c.) While he doth
muse

On this sad sudden overwhelming News ,
He sends some unto him as Run-aways,
(But trusty to himself at all Essays)
Which tell him that the adverse Army are
With Thousands re-inforc'd, and that they
were

Resolv'd to fall upon his Camp that Night,
Which added much unto his former fright ;
And thus, be'ng unresolv'd what shift to make
In that distraction, or what course to take ;
Our Hero makes a very fair Retreat ;
Which all his enemies doth vex and fret.
Besides this, divers other ways there are,
Whereby men may get out of such a snare :
Necessity will teach them what to do,
And set their Wits upon the Tenters too.
He nothing fears, but what all good men fear,
And that's disgrace. He will not lye, nor
swear,

'Cause God commands the contrary ; whom
He

Desires to Worship in sincerity.

The greater Honour unto him is due,
Because a Souldier and a Christian too.
He's a meer stranger to black Perjury,
His noble Heart can do no injury.
He'd Racks, and Torments undergo ;
Yea, mortally be wounded by the Foe,
Than a false Loon, or Coward to be found ;
The one would but his Body tear and wound ;
But th'other would his Soul exerceate,
And all his Reputation terminate ;
For, blemishes in Honour cutteth deep,
And makes Renown in dark oblivion sleep.

When he prepares to fight his Enemy,
He marcheth towards him as cheerfully
As to a Banquet ; and scarce speaks a word
When he comes nigh, but claws it with his
Sword, &c.

Yet he fights warily, and with discretion,
Till he and's *Mermidons* make an impression

Into the Ranks and Files of th'enemy,
Who then must either run for it, or die.
He trusts not in the number of his Men,
But in his God, then he'll fight two to ten.
His enemies perchance may worst him, but
Can never conquer him, for he'll be cut
In pieces first ; his great Heart cannot
yield,

Although his Foes were Master of the Field ;
For, in the midst of all adversity,
His manly Patience gains a Victory.
He thinks it hight of folly, to expose
Himself, and's Souldiers (when at handy
blows)

To needless dangers ; no way honourable
For him, nor unto others profitable.
He well observes the Ground where he must
fight,

And sometime fortifies his Left and Right,
For great advantage may accrew thereby,
Even to the routing of his Enemy.
Hill, Wind, and Sun, he'll strive to have
behind,

Or what he can of them ; 'bove all, the Wind,
Which driveth all the smoak upon the Foe,
And tendeth much unto their overthrow.

If he be followed by his enemies,
Hoping that Night his Quarters to surprize ;
He'll dig some Trenches where they needs
must pass,

And cover them with Hurdles, strew'd with
Grass ;

Puts Powder in them, and in Ambush lies ;
And then, as soon as ever he espies
Them fall into the Pits, he fires his train
Of Powder, then he falls on them amain ;
Many being killed, the rest are forc'd to fly,
So, by this trick, he gains a Victory.

Also to scatter Money on the way,
Will charm their Minds unto a scrambling
stay ;

As did the *Ponticks*, when in haste they fled
The Conqu'ring *Romans*, by *Lucullus* led ;
For while the *Romans* gather'd up the Gold,
The *Ponticks* all escaped, young and old.

The Character of a good Commander.

But now, most Men had rather (as I think)
Part with their Lives, than their beloved
chink.

Against a crafty numerous potent Foe,
That carries all before him, high and low ;
When Stratagems and Policy do fail,
Enforcing Force, by Force, he must assail ;
For there's no other shift in such a case.

Or else he must be forced to give place ;
And which to do would cut him to the Heart,
And stick within his Liver like a Dart :
Therefore, he neither can, nor will be gone,
Till first he something hath upon them done.

For knowing that a strenuous opposition,
Backt with a steady haughty resolution,
With daring, braving *Camisado's*, have
Made Hectors for a time, fighting to wave ;
And knowing well his disposition, and
His skill and courage, they are at a stand,
Musing what should be done, to fight or no ;
If not, they quietly must let him go.

Or perhaps some smart skirmish there may
be,

So part on equal terms, both they and he :
Which unto neither side is no disgrace,
Sith neither was enforced to give place.

But when an Army is surrounded by
A greater force, there is no remedy,
But they must either fight it out, or fly :
Either of which, to do, is hazardous ;
Yea, desperate, and very dangerous :
Which falleth out (sometimes) for want of
care

In the prime Leader. To avoid that snare,
(A deadly snare indeed, as it hath prov'd
To divers Armies, that would fain have mov'd
From whence they were drawn up but one
half Mile,

But could not, for their Enemies, the while)
Fell on their Front and Flanks most furiously ;
So all were killed and taken presently,
Except a few that made a shift to fly.
Yet in this case, a way they might have
found,

(Before the enemy enclos'd them round)

From being kill'd and taken totally
Which is, at the first sight of the Enemy,
If you see that you must be forc'd to fight,
And by no means you can keep out of sight,
Divide your Forces in two equal parts,
Look chearfully, and comfort up their hearts ;
Let all of them at double distance stand,
Then double all their Ranks ; then out of
hand

Let them shout, and advance courageously,
Which will, I'm sure, amuse the Enemy ;
Yea, damp their courage too : And who can
tell,

But something they may do. If they do well,
The other half may second them ; if not,
Then to be sure the first will go to pot :
Which if you do foresee, then haste away
The other half, (lest they should be a prey ;)
If you see you are followed by the Foe,
Fell Trees, or else some Wagons overthrow
Where they must pass ; or else some Houses
Fire, &c.

By which you may more quietly retire :
So march apace all Night, and rest by day,
Hath in this case been found the safest way.
There's many other Wiles and Tricks,
whereby

You may escape a Potent Enemy ;
Which, some know better (I suppose)
than I.

And though half of your Army now is lost,
And doubtless something to the others cost)
Yet th'other half is sav'd by this device ;
Better lose half, than all, is good advice.
A desp'rate Disease (you know) must have
A desp'rate cure, to try if that will save.
But our wise General, would never let
His Enemies so slyly him beset ;

For he'll have many eyes, and Spies a-
broad,

And many nimble Scouts upon the Road.
Nor will he wholly trust to them : for he
Himself will busie in such matters be ;
Knowing it is a blot to any chief,
To have his Foe steal on him like a Thief.

For

For some, because surpriz'd, have been
turn'd out,
Though otherwife well qualified, and stout.
Cromwell chid *Lambert* soundly, because he
Carre's craft and policy did not fore-see,
He was to fall on *Carre*, but *Carre* fell on
Upon his Quarters, first, at *Hamilton*.
Th' *English* had no great harm, but came off
well,
For *Gibbey Carre* they forthwith did repel.
Another time I thought he would have kill'd
Lieutenant General *Whaley* in the field,
'Cause the *Scotch* Army gave him the go-by,
(And in the dark) for him he charg'd to spy
And watch their motion; but, for all this slur,
(Which for a while, amongst us made some
stir,)
Both these were good Commanders, stout and
wise,
Which was confest by friends and enemies.

Fortuna nunquam perpetua est bona.

A thing may happen in an hour, which may
Not happen in an Age; and though to day
Be yours, yet may the next anothers be;
There's nothing certain, but uncertainty.
Rich Men are counted wise, and wise Men
fools, if poor;
But time turns upside down; yea, rich Men
out the door.

*Cum fortuna manet, vultum servatis amici;
Cum cecidit, turpi vertitis ora fuga.*

Our Hero's not Infallible; 'tis true,
Some trick there may be put upon him too;
Suppose he finds the Foe hath crept too near
him,
(And if he does, he knows not how to fear
him;)
And that he's like to fall into some danger;
Which very thought, inflames him so with
anger,

That in a desprate rage he'll charge his
Foes,
And courage arm'd with wrath, who can op-
pose?
He laughs, when other Chieftains are con-
founded,
And shews no fear, when by the Foe surrounded;
No, but cries, have at all, *Cesar*, or none,
If I must die, I will not die alone.
(The sad wise Valour is the bravest man,
He Conquers oft, that bravely thinks he can.)
Then's Front and Rear half Files stand back
to back,
Impulsed by fell fury; bringing wrack
On ev'ry side, to such as dare them meet,
Whilst Drums and Cannons in dire Thunder
greet;
And then they give a Turk-amazing shout,
So they must either give or take a rout;
But he that never knew what 'twas to shun
His enemies, much less from them to run,
Cannot (though overpower'd yet) to them
yield,
So, he'll a little longer keep the Field;
Then with an over-topping courage, and
Some stratagem, whereby the oe's trepan'd,
He extricates himself and all his Mates,
From present ruine, whom he animates
With a short Speech, (his noble mind to
ease)
And (perhaps) with such arguments as
these.
"What! fellow Souldiers are we all a mort?
"How Woman-like do we our selves deport!
"Where is our *quondam* courage? what al-
though
"Our numerous Foes do yet upon us grow?
"I tell you, a brave resolution may
"Not only stagger them, but win the Day.
"Heard ye not of that Victory was won,
"By *Miltiades*, near to *Marathon*?
"How with Ten thousand *Greeks* he put to
flight
"An Hundred thousand *Persians*, Men of
might;

The Character of a good Commander.

"And how brave *Edward*, called the *Black Prince*,

"Kill'd, took, and ronted Sixty thousand *French*

"At *Poitiers*, only with Eight thousand Foot ;

"Took many Nobles, and their King to boot !

"Brave *Henry* with a handful did advance

"His Standard through the trembling heart of *France*.

"Shall such a little number win such Fame ?

"And shall we nothing do ! come, come, for shame

"Rouze up your Spirits then, brave Souldiers all,

"Let us with double courage on them fall.

"Though they are five to one of us, what then ?

"Shall we not therefore quit our selves like Men ?

"I can't call that a noble Victory,

"That's gained from an equal enemy.

"Souldiers to Perils are accustomed ;

"Yea, by continual dangers to be led.

"Pray Sirs, mind what I say then ; if you stand,

"Ye can but die like a renowned band,

"But if ye run, y^e are sure to die ; therefore,

"If ye be Men, come follow me once more.

This having said, he falleth on again,

Attended by his new-revived Train ;

And ten to one but he gets ground apace,

And may, perhaps, his Foe put to the chace.

If so, be sure all was performed by

His Courage, noble Speech, and Policy ;

Which greatly doth his Fame and Honour raise,

Whilst envy pines, that would him fain dispraise.

Optimus ille dux, qui novit vincere & victoria uri.

Though by this means they wan the Victory,
Yet his Humility, and Modesty

Is such, that nothing can offend him more,

Than to hear people put it to his score.

His very Enemies respect him too,

'Cause such a gallant, courteous, noble Foe.

By which he draws some of them to his side,
Which in his service faithfully abide.

To the afflicted he a Brother proves,

And fear from daunted Spirits he removes ;

His hand to help the helpless he will lend,

To good and vertuous Men a fixed friend :

In Counsel grave, deliberate, and wise,

In action heedful, to his word precise.

The obstinate, rough-hewn untutor'd crew,

Have tasted first or last what he can do.

For his great spirit, and undaunted Heart,

Can brook no threatnings, if they be too tart.

He's vers'd in policy, and warlike strife,

As well as how to lead a vertuous Life.

Bellona's Banners in the purple field,

Affright him not, nor make his spirit yield.

His Travels both in Body, and in Mind,

Can't very easily a fellow find.

He's well acquainted with all Warlike feats,

As with the Drums diversity of beats.

He bears about him honourable Scars,

Which he received (nobly) in the Wars ;

Not in those private and ignoble quarrels,

(Which cannot claim so much as faded Laurels)

Much used by some Gallants of the time,

Which think themselves, of all the rest, the prime ;

And through whose Veins such hot distempers run,

As never yet were known since time begun.

Taverns are haunted with these fiery spirits,

Who think, to make all fly, is for their credits.

These vap'ring Hectors, when the Wine is in,

Can take from *Hercules* his Lions Skin :

Yea, by a storm of Words, and Oathes to boot,

One of them can lay *Typhon* at his foot ;

Nay, at a pitched Monomachy quell,

Dice *Polykemos*, and the Dog of Hell.

If their skill, courage, strength, and worth

be such,

I wonder why they did not beat the *Dutch* !

The

The Glance.

A Little higher let my genius soar,
And pierce the breast of greatness warily;
Titles of Honour by some wights are wore,
Which unto good have no proclivity.
Whose sequels are black infamy and shame,
Which unto many Ages shall indure;
Corroding, and extinguishing their Name,
Which never can be capable of cure.
They that would not into such evils run,
Nor turn their glory to a waning State;
Let them, and theirs, the same occasions shun,
Which courted others into scorn and hate.
And bravely in all virtuous ways persist,
Which will bewray the greatness of their
(mind;
Yea, Fame to make them greater will assist,
And from the Heavens shall Protection find.
Who lives in Vertue, shall with Honour die,
And be Recorded to posterity.

Quis honorem, quis gloriam, quis laudem, quis ullum decus tam unquam expetit, quàm ignominiam, infamiam, contumelias, dedecus fugiat? Cicero.

Now to my matter I return again,
And give you what doth yet behind remain;
I have digrest more than I did intend,
And unto such to whom I am no friend.
But for our Hero I'll write all I can,
(At which black envy will look pale and wan.)
I pretermitt his bringing up, and Birth;
My aim is only to display his worth.
None should be chose a General for his Riches;
No, though he were the Husband of a Dutches;
But for his great Experience, Gravity,
His Wisdom, Valour, and Fidelity.
Our Hero hath all these, (besides his love
To that Religion which is from above;)

He knows which way his Foe to circumvent,
And how an Ambuscado to prevent;
And if his adversary from him fly,
He will not follow them too hastily,
'Cause that's the way to make them desperate,
And turn again, as 'twere in 'spite of fate.
For desperation will make Cowards fight,
And put their Hot-spurs'd followers to flight.
Many by sad experience do know,
Too close pursuits wrought their own overthrow;
Whereof I could give many instances,
But our Commander loves no such excess;
For if the adverse Army will be gone
From's Territories, he will help them on,
By leaving them an open way, whereby,
They may with ease and safety from him fly:
Nay, more, if in their flight they seem but cold,
He'll quickly make for them a Bridge of Gold.

The wary Valour is the best of all,
For hot-spurs shall into confusion fall.

Hosti fugienti pont aureus faciendus.

He will be here, and there, and ev'ry where,
Filling his Enemies with care and fear:
Loose Wings on either hand he sendeth out,
And nimble Lads upon the private scout.
When *Phæbus* sets, if he be Five Leagues from them,
Yet by the Morning he'll be in among them;
And lets them hardly take a full Nights sleep,
He so torments them, or plays at Bo-peep;
Putting them into horrible confusion:
And yet desireth not their bloods effusion;
No, no, if he sees his Souldiers are
For slaughter, he'll restrain them; and take care
Both for his well, and wounded enemy,
That he receive no farther injury.
He seeks to know the mode, and disposition,
True temper, inclination, and condition
Of him that is the adverse General,
And of some others of the principal.

He

The Character of a good Commander.

He hath a busie brain, a steady foot,
A watchful eye, an heart most resolute.
To's Souldiers he's a Father, for he will,
Provide what's necessary for them still.
His Discipline is so severe and strict,
That heavy punishments he will inflict
On such as do the Country spoil and wrong,
Which is his constant practice all along;
For Souldiers, where good Order bears no
sway,

Will to their Foes soon make themselves a
prey.

He scorns to plunder either friend or Foe,
As many other dirty Captains do;
No, but will treat his Captive Enemy }
With all Humanity and Courtesy, }
According to their Rank and Quality. }
And for the sick and wounded taketh care;
Yea, leaves himself, to furnish them, but
bare.

His Muster-Rolls with Faggots are not pil'd:
He will not injure Man, Woman, nor
Child.

He's none of those that ramble in the dark,
Nor of that Crew that visit *Whetstone's-
Park, &c.*

He can't be justly charg'd with any Vice;
To which none (easily) can him entice.
He loves to exercise his Souldiers oft,
Of whom they learn the Military craft.
To whom he shews familiarity, }
And will discourse with them facetiously; }
But yet, retains convenient gravity. }
He strikes them not for every fault, as some
Proud fools, whose places nothing them be-
come.

Such are made Officers before they Souldiers
were,

But our Commander was a Souldier
Before he was an Officer; therefore,
Of these new Milk-sops worth a hundred
score.

Such have I known, (and some are yet alive)
That knew not whether they should lead, or
drive

Their Souldiers, when they have been Cap-
tains made,

They were so simple! yet, a vap'ring blade
Was each of them, which in a Tavern
could

Do many wonders! yea, with *Juno* scold!
But our Commander scorns such Catamites,
As can do nought, but in their drunken fits.
For he'll be first and last in danger; while
Those young sops leap o'er every Gate and
Stile,

And panting, cry, *God bless us from a Gun!*
Starting at their own Shadows; yea, would
run

Into a Mouse-hole, if they could, and there,
Be ready to besth—— themselves for fear
Any should with a Cushion shoot them
through

The Nose! you see then what these Sparks
can do!

Others, whose Oaths thicker than Bullets
fly,

Yet they in bloodless Battles love to die:

They are for fine rich Silver Swords, not
for

Steel Swords, 'cause earnest Fighting they
abhor.

Many such valiant boasters did I hear
(Who at a Feast would huff and domineer)
To brag, that for the King they'd spend their
blood;

Yet when they should, have sneak'd into a
Wood,

Or other place, in a most deadly fright;
And when the Trumpets sound, keep out of
fight.

Nay, do but tell them of an Enemy,
They'll have the shaking Ague presently;
And if at Midnight you but fire a Gun,
They'll stare as if they had a mind to run;
Yea, look so simply and pitifully,
As if condemned to the tripple Tree,
And, peradventure, *Admize* their Breeches,
Or creep behind some Wall, thick Hedge, or
Ditches:

But when all danger's past, peep out, and say,
Ho! ho! brave boys, now we have got the day.

(I knew a Captain did so at *Dunbar*,
Whose Tongue was stouter than his hands by far)

And these, through their Tongues volubility,

Shall get all the preferment still, from they
That bore the brunt and danger; who've been glad

If they kept but those places that they had;
Yea, Cowards have been Courted, Graced,
Knighted,

And worthy Persons, overlook'd, and slighted!

'Cause not so valiant of their words as hands,
So stood as Cyphers, or old Cancell'd Bonds.

Here I will you a pretty story tell,
Of one of these whom I knew very well,
Who was a Captain, and a bragger too.

One Night he needs would visit his *per-du*;
For in a Field of Wheat he then had three;

So in all haste to one of them goes he;
Saying, in a bravado, unto him,

With a contracted brow, and aspect grim,
"Souldier, be sure what I command you, do,

"Or for a Coward I will punish you.
"If comes upon you but one Enemy,

"You must not flinch, but fight him manfully;

"If two assail you, you must do the same;

"If three, you may retreat from whence you came.

The other two hearing him thus to chatter,
Stood up an end, to see what was the matter;

Whereat their Captain gave a fearful start,
And could not choose but let a thundring F---
Thinking them to be many Enemies.

So, in a pannick fear away he flies,
As if a thousand Foes were at his heels,
Throwing away his Sword in the same Fields,

Also his Cane, Gloves, Head-piece, Pistol too,

So scap'd his Foe (as he thought) much ado:

Yea, such a lerry did possess his breech,
That he was forc'd to ease him in a Ditch.

Then to his Guard he runs, quite out of breath,

And looks so like the Effigies of Death,
That all his Souldiers arm'd themselves a-

pace,
And so stood gazing on his rueful face;

Musing what Devil or Witch should so transform him!

At length, they ask'd, if any thing did harm him?

Harm me (quoth he) sure, if you had been where

I was, 'twould make your hearts to quake with fear.

But the next day the truth of all came out,
Whereat his Souldiers at him jeer and flout;

Yea, with such scornful terms they did him brand,

That presently he quitted his Command,
And went to *London*, where he studied

The Law; and so a Lawyers life he led.
Many for their preferment, never were

Beholden to their Valour, (I dare swear;) But to their flattery, dissimulation,

Great friends, or to their sly insinuation.
Pimps, pocky Pages, have been rais'd on

high,
And Men of great experience put by.

But stay my Muse, why spend we so much time,

About such slaves as don't deserve a Rhime?
Come, to our noble Hero lets return,

And trace him, till we bring him to his Urn.

But hold! *Quid Monstrum id?* what Elf is that

Crossing the way, like an unlucky Wat?
How jealous, pale, lean, angry, hollow-ey'd,

It looks? yea, looks a squint on every side:

It seems to pine away with fear and care,
 Left others should with it in something share.
 How ominous and frightfully it shows ?
 What terrors hang upon its cloudy brows ?
 One may guess shrewdly at his inner part,
 And in his speculation read his heart.
 It looks as if some ill it did devise.
 How ghastly doth it roul about his eyes ?
 The symptom of a troubled brain and
 breast ;

Or, as if with some fury 'twere possest.
 How like a *Malus Genius* doth it look ?
 Just such another as old R — C — k,
 That lov'd no Man or Woman but himself ;
 This *Spectrum*, sure, is such another Elf :
Timon Misanthropos, (though churl enough) }
 I think, was better than this Furifuff ; }
 Milder than this morose, sowre, surly Huff. }
 It often seems to mutter, or to look
 Nine ways at once, within, or without book.
Sphinx it resembles (as the Jesuits do)
 Being like a Dog, a Fox, a Dragon too ;
 That's surly, crafty, cruel, full of hate.
 So that this Monster it doth personate.
 None but the Devil, or Envy, can look thus !
 Whose sight would ev'n astonish *Cerberus* :
 Therefore it must be Envy, certainly,
 Sith it frets at good Mens prosperity.

Invidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis.

It grins his Teeth to see another rise,
 Whom to his vengeance he could sacrifice ;
 He wears a Dagger always in his Heart,
 And like a *Raviliack* can act his part.
 He waiteth for their hauling secretly,
 Whom he supposeth in his way to ly.
 He will lay deadly snares and traps, for
 those
 That are (or whom he fears will be) his Foes ;
 For he hath Desperado's near at hand,
 That will (for Gold) obey his curs'd com-
 mand :
 Or if they fail, he hath a Dose or Two,
 That undiscerned, can the business do :

For Envy is so witty in all evil,
 That it can turn a Man unto a Devil.
 For how propense are some to do such things,
 As to themselves, and friends, destruction
 brings ?

When Envy putteth on his *Sunday's* face,
 Then, then, beware of him, in any case :
 For if he courts ye with a smiling grin,
 Yet his black Heart is wounds and blood
 within.

He can set Servants to destroy their Master,
 Or else betray them into some disaster :
 Yea, near Relations have been set on work,
 To do what would have terrified a Turk.
 Parents their Children dear have made away,
 When Popish Envy did in them bear sway.
 So envious *Joab*, *Amasa* did Murther,
 Ev'n while he cry'd, *Art thou in health my Bro-*
ther ?

Joseph was envied of his Brethren ; so
 Was *David*, by King *Saul* his mortal foe.
 O Sirs, who, who can before envy stand ;
 'Specially where it gets the upper hand ?
 'Tis restless till some mischief it hath done,
 And will proceed, if once it hath begun.
 A *Cataline* to Christian Liberty,
 A *Cicero* *Marius* to Tranquility ;
 A *Lucifer*, and *Hildebrand*, to those
 That with devised fancies cannot close.

A troublesome *Tertullus*, unto all
 That are o'th' same Religion with Saint *Paul*.
 A bloody *Bonner* to the Sons of *Sion* ;
 A Duke *de Alva* to the *Belgick* Lion.
 A sly informer to impiety,
 Against the Props of true Divinity ;
 And like the Priests and Pharisees, would fain
 Christ, in his Members, Crucify again :
 As it hath done among us many years ;
 Which by some Thousand Sufferers appears.
 Envy, on Worth and Vertue doth attend,
 And will its censures on the worthy spend :
 A Wasp enamour'd of protervity ;
 A Cur engorged with asperity.
 Some of such cynick Dispositions are,
 That other mens Transactions they will square,
 According

According to the crooked line and rule
Of their own humours, which must have no

Thule

Or limits. Yet themselves can nothing do
That's honourable, or that can accrew
To others good; yet they will seem to know
All things, tho' nothing they could ever show,
Except it be their venom'd teeth to bite,
Or with their poyson'd tongues to wound and
smite

The reputation of far better men,
And every way much more deserving than
Themselves; or any of their Generation;
And who (perhaps) are burthens to the Nation;
Yea, troublesome unto their Neighbours too,
Cause in all things they do not as they do.
But our most noble Hero fears them not,
Being got beyond the reach of their Tongue-
shot,

Whose time in *Mars's* and the *Muses* Tent
Not triflingly, but vertuously is spent.
He can both say and do, and do much more
Than say; yet, he will not himself adore.
He was bred in the School of vertue, and
The Pen, as well as Pike, he can command;
So that he merits double Equipage.
Sith he so bravely doth become the Stage:
Therefore, I make no question but he
Will make his *Exit* with a *Plaudite*.

Whose good Examples noble Souls do move
To try if they can such another prove;
And purchase fame by valour, worth, and arms,
Amidst a thousand hazzards, deaths, and
harms;

The way to honour through the Pikes doth ly,
And who would win honour must not fear to
die.

This Hero's Tongue is the point of his Sword,
He knows not what it is to break his word;
His courage Conquers e'er the Field is fought.
Which being done, more enemies hath fought.
He's *Semper idem*, take him when you will,
The same below, as he is up the Hill.
He is full of *Hector's* Magnanimity,
And never's daunted with extremity.

Fortitude's rooted in his noble mind.

When others fall, him, standing you shall find.

There's nothing hard to be accomplished
By him, because by truth and reason led,
And doth all things by good deliberation,
Yet is he not affected to cunctation.

He is a *Fabius* for Solidity,

Not a *Minutius* for temerity.

Misfortunes, trials, and adversities,
His faith and patience do exercise;
Whereby himself he conquers, which is more
Than all the Conquests that he made before.
Dangers he feareth not: yea, doth despise
What narrow souls account calamities.
War's the Whetstone of his Fortitude,
And heat, the Spur, that makes him resolute,
Yet counts not that a noble victory,
That's not accompany'd with Clemency.
He knows that skill and courage wanting in
Commanders, is to routing near a kin.
Besides, their Soldiers will contemn and slight
them,

Yea, to their very faces will neglect them,
Which will redound unto their lasting shame,
When blown about by the nimble wing of
For to their own Puffanimity (Fame.
They cannot but be conscious, or might see
Men laughing at them for the same; but they
Can take it in good part, and nothing say.
O strange! that these should have the face to
take

Upon them to be Captains, and mistake
Themselves for better men: O impudence!
And Brazen fac'd, prodigious confidence!
Go, ye conceited Jacks, go Hen-peck'd slaves,
And in some dirty Dunghill dig your Graves:
Fit but for Powder-Monkeys, or keep sheep,
Or Company with Scavengers to keep.
What? when you should go fight, then, you'll
be sick:

Oh, take 'em *Derrick*, gripe 'em to the quick.
Our Hero scorns you all, who'd rather die
Than live, as you with iham and infamy.
He knows not what 'tis to be so abjected,
Or by his *Veteranes* so much rejected.

No surely, no, but to them is as Spurs,
But ye are Stops, *Remora's* and Demurs.
Unto a Kingdom there's no greater danger,
(Which to the Prince himself is but a slander)
Than to such to commit their warlike bands,
As are more nimble of their tongues than
Hands;

Some that have known how Victories to gain,
Yet knew not how their Conquests to retain.
But our Commander can do both of these,
And that with more applause, less loss, and
ease.

Than some that conquer Kingdoms in conceit.
(Conceit without receipt, is but deceit).
If he perceives his Enemy too strong
For him in Horse, then will he pitch among
Thick Hedges, Woods, &c. (he being mostly
Foot)

And gall him; may be, win the field to boot.
But if in Horse the foe he doth surpass,
Then he will try to make of him an Ass,
By seeking to decoy him to a Plain,
And that he might his will therein obtain,
He sendeth such amongst the enemy
That tell them this for truth and certainty,
That most part of his Horse went yesterday,
But privately, to seek for Oats and Hay.
Or on some other Errand, and that now
Or never was the time to make him bow.
If th' Enemy believes this to be true,
(As like enough he does) then will not you
Imagine he'll upon our Hero fall,
And if he do, he is undone withal;
But if he do not, our Commander will
Beat up his Quarters, which is ears will fill
With sudden crys, his eyes with gasty sights,
His Soldiers hearts with Pannick fears and
frights,
Which will confound, and make them run a-
frray,

And most of them to throw their Arms away.
Suppose a Regiment, or two be broke,
And several hundred Prisoners are took,
This doubtless will so daunt the enemy,
That he'll conclude the best way is to fly;

Which if he do (as he must do) you know,
It tendeth to a total overthrow.
Whom our Commander follows at the heels,
Through thick and thin, Hills, Vallies, Woods
and Fields,

Till all are routed, and the vict'ry won.
(Oft have I known the very same thing done.)

The foe, his men unable to revive,
And's former reputation to retrieve,
Is forc'd to seek a peace immediately,
Well knowing there's no other remedy.
Should I insist on all the flights, and wiles,
Strange circumventions, stratagems and guiles,
Craft, cunning tricks, deep reaches, policies,
And unimaginable Mysteries,
That have been, are, and might be us'd in
Wars,

By worthy Captains, and great Conquerors,
'Twould take much time, and paper many
Quire:

My Muse, my Pen, my Genius overture,
And crack my *Pericranium*. Therefore
Of Warlike feats I shall endite no more.
All chief Commanders should inherit these
Bright Virtues, or to have a writ of Ease:
Justice, Truth, Temperance, Prudence, Fidelity,
Skill, Learning, Patience, Courage, Courtesie;
All which in the word *Conduct* seem included;
And who wants that from chief should be ex-
cluded.

Men's lives are far more worth than that they
should

Be trusted with a Novice, young or old.
And which to do, is (as all wisemen know)
The way unto a fatal overthrow.
Yet this should be observ'd, that victory
Heav'n to the best side sometimes doth deny;
Success, as such, is no infallible token
Of a good cause; nor when a foe is broken,
Is it a sure sign of a bad cause? no,
God's secrets are past finding out, you know.
God hath, and can by poor weak means cast
down,
And break in pieces men of high Renown.

Yet a wife Conduct is more likely to
Gain ground, than fools that know not what
to do.

For good Commanders hinder not the day,
But non-experience often hath and may.
As I could instance make of many places,
Where such contracted taunts, and great dif-
graces;

Yet who are so self-confident as they?
So ready to traduce what others say?
So apt to find a fault where there is none?
And all that Jack in Office might be known.
But as the shadow on the substance waits,
And Turtle Doves are follow'd by their
Mates,

So Fame and Honour justly waits upon
This valiant worthy (tho' much envy'd) man.
And on all other Worthies like himself,
(But not on any starched upstart elf.
Nor him whose heart and soul is in his self,)
For virtue will shine forth, even in the dark,
Whilest envy to no end does at it bark.
Honour gain'd honestly, and gallantly,
Can never fade, nor vanish totally.
As will the Glow-worm flushes of some sort,
That never can deserve a good report:
And others that creep sneakingly into
Favour, for which they any thing will do.
Nay some that have but sometimes turn'd a
Spit,

And here receiv'd a knock, and there a bit,
(But complaisant in their words) also
On every base and pimping Errand go,
Hoping in time, 'twould something introduce;
And so it hath indeed; for my Lord *Louise*,
And Madam *Sly*, have found him a long time
Too faithful unto what they count no crime.
And therefore study how to gratifie him;
For nothing now, they can, nor dare deny him.
At last they find the favour him to grace,
With a Lieutenant, or a Captains place:
Whereof the Coxcomb is become so proud,
That he will jostle 'mongst the noble crowd;
And Elbow at the Table in such state,
And faucily to all his betters prate:

Nay, and perhaps at last be made a Knight,
And then, Sir *Assinego's* at the height.
But whosoever shall this fellow mind,
In few years shall not know where him to find;
For all is gone, and spent, and he forgot,
Whose memory and name shall die and rot.
And the like fate on others doth attend,
Who think their day will never have an end,
Or that their Sun will never set. But their
Vain hopes shall be rewarded with despair.
Yea, and like the snuff of a Candle go out,
As if they were but of the Rabble Rout.
But vertuous souls have a more noble breath,
And greatly are bemoaned at their death.
For such as Honour win by noble deeds,
Shall bury thousands of those stinking weeds:
Whose Progeny shall still uphold their name,
And be recorded in the Book of Fame.

What can the virtues of their Ancestry
Avail such as from virtue seek to fly?
And every way from them degenerate,
As many now, but they are out of date.
As worth and merit just rewards do crave.
So great Ancestors should good Issues have,
The thing possess is not the thing it seems,
Tho' otherwise each *Ignoramus* deems.
For tho' men by their Ancestors be great,
Yet if they from their virtues quite retreat,
What are they good for? being the disgrace
Of their name, family, and all the race;
What tho' from Ancestors we have our names,
Yet from our virtues do arise our Pames.
Birth without worth is but a Painted Post,
Wealth without virtue, can of nothing boast.
The base Brats of ignoble Ancestry,
To save themselves, will quit all honesty.
As the more men moil in the dirt, the more
They are desil'd. So, the more some men pore
Into (and seek to understand) their base
Ancestors, the more shame flies in their face.
The longer any men delay the show
Of virtue, then, you may both judge, and
know.
They are of base beginnings; for you'll find
Such (covertly) to bear a fordid mind.

The heaven of their lin'age doth remain
Amongst them many Ages, to their stain,
Which is perceived by the wiser sort,
And others that thereof do make report,
Like Root, like Tree, like Tree-Branches too,
And so like fruit; (*viz.*) a proud and dirty
Crew.

For, can a Swine bring forth a gen'rous
Lion?

Or the base bramble *Polyanthemion*?

Or *Cannibals* beget true Sons of *Sion*?

Or can a Crab-Tree bear a noble Pippin?

Or the Princely Eagle hatch a Dunghill Chi-
cken?

No, no, for where there's noble Ancestry,
There (mostly) will be a like Progeny:
And of this sort, our Hero is, no doubt,
Or he could not for Vertue be so stout;
The end of all whose Actions, Honour are,
(Though Honour to assume, is not his care;
As many others do most sneakingly.)

I mean, he seeks not Honour, but only
Seeks to deserve, though envy can't abide
To hear of it, but labours all to hide.
Titles he knows (which many gain by art)
Are but the Seals and Badges of desert,
And the rewards of Vertue in this World;
Which oft upon unworthy Men are hurl'd.
Experience hath taught me to affirm
(Which many knowing Persons will confirm)
That Honour upon base Mechanicks cast,
Hath ruin'd those entrusted them, at last.
Be'ng nat'rally propense to innovation,
Division, dissention, alteration;
Wilful, deceitful, proud in Word and Mind,
Unstable, and unconstant as the Wind:
Here could I gall them with a yerking
Rhime,

But I forbear them till another time.

Mendico asperius nihil est cum surgit ad alium.

I say, to make Men of a sordid race
Commanders, or them with high Titles
grace,

Is one way to turn all things upside down,
And with dire discord fill each Shire and
Town.

Sith then it's so, that Men of base degree,
Or Rascal breed, plac'd in Authority,
Have upon States and Kingdoms mischief
brought,
And nothing but their advancement sought;
Therefore, were I to raise a Regiment,
(Though to that height my thoughts were
never bent)

I would, as near as possible I could,
Commission none but Gentlemen of old
Or ancient Stocks to choose, 'cause not so
proud

Nor insolent as are the latter brood;
(Who 'cause they've jumped into great
Estates,
They think none good enough to be their
Mates.)

Yet of that sort, I mean not every spark
That gives a Livery: Nor such as shirk
About the Court, or Inns of Court; nor they
That are made poor through base debauchery.
Nor any scandalous Sir; or witty flash,
That in his word and actions is too rash,
Nor he that hath the name of a Deceiver;
Sir *Gregory Nonsense*, or Sir *Good-be-never*;
Sir *Topsy Turvey*, that never kept his Word,
Nor Mr. *Maggot-brain* that draws his Sword
At every petty affront; nor such as they
As wrong and cheat poor Souldiers of their
pay;

Nor any supercilian in fine Clothes;
Nor such as rend the Heavens with Hellish
Oathes.

Or any of that humour old or new;
For few are good of that debauched Crew:
No, no, for they may prove as bad as t'other;
Viz. For you to day, to morrow for another.
But him I call a perfect Gentleman,
Whose Vertues grace his good Extraction,
Or (in a word) 'tis Birth and Worth con-
join'd

Makes a true Gentleman; the rest are Coin'd.

With

With such as these an Army should be led,
Specially if it's true Religion bred.
This good Commander which I now describe,
Is one of that most honourable Tribe.
He graceth his Employment. (For 'tis not
The place that makes Men honourable, but
'Tis Men that make the place so; yet I vow,
'Tis something hard to find such Persons
now.)

To the disgrace, black infamy, and shame,
Of such that impudently take the name
Of Gentlemen; sith their base deeds attest,
They are as far from such, as East from
West.

Then mend your manners, live more virtu-
ously,

Banish all baseness and obscenity.
Many more Reasons have I to dehort
From putting any of the vulgar sort,
Proud Monsieur *Th'other-day*, or any such
Into Command, let them be Poor or Rich.
Except them, as on trial have been found
Assiduous, Steady, Trusty, True, and Sound.
Woful experience makes me thus to write;
But of this matter I'll no more Entite.

This true description and character,
Or property, of this brave Man of War,
And most accomplisht Gentleman, whose
worth

Even his very Enemies sets forth; now will
Methinks should raise a virtuous emulation
In every generous Spirit in this Nation,
To imitate him, and of him to learn
Such things as would them very much adorn.

But Gentlemen, and others, are of late,
Grown so debauched, loose, degenerate,
And so bewitched to a vicious brood,
That few of them will ever come to good.
Nay, they count him an Ass, and very Fool,
That loves (or leads his life in) Vertues
School:

Therefore to court them to it is but vain:
For with all Vice their Souls are dy'd in grain.
But now, I think, it's time to make an end,
And bid Farewell, to this my noble friend;
Only, let me tell you, when Death is nigh,
That he hath nothing else to do but die:

For Death and he so well are reconcil'd,
That if he chance to meet him in the Field,
He bids him welcom, be it cut or shot,
(If Heaven shall please such measure to allot;))
When like a Cedar he falls to the ground,
And like a Roman *Cesar* dies renown'd.
Whose Worth, and Vertues him immortalize,
And lifts his Commendations to the Skies;
And in the Book of Honour writes his Name,
Which, 'Spite of envy, fills the Trump of
Fame;

Whose *Mirmydons*, with great solemnity,
Carry him to the Grave where he must ly,
Which is the bed of Honour, and the best,
Repository wherein he must rest,
Until his mortal Body rise again,
Be immortal made, and so remain:
Whom no carved Tombstone, for ostent;
For his renown's a living Monument,

Vixit post funera Virtus.

LITTLE TOUCH Of the Renowned ARTILLERY, (Or rather MILITARY) Company of London.

BUT now, methinks, I hear some question, why,
I Nothing said of the **ARTILLERY**
(Nor the *Train'd Bands*) of *London*, sith they
are

For exercising Arms, without compare,
(At least are so reputed;) therefore, they,
Of *England* are the University,
And nursery for War. But truly, Sirs,
Our heats, and fewds, and persecuting stirs,
And other things dis-jointed, so, my Wits,
That what I writ before, was all by fits.
Besides, I thought they might offended be,
Should they but find a Venial fault in me.
Moreover, many ly upon the catch,
And sily for their Neighbours halting watch.
Therefore I'll supercede what might be writ,
My Muse be'ng turn'd old *Cato's* Proselite.

However I presume (or think) I may
Without offending them, now briefly say
A few words of, and to them; not that I
Pretend to any skill and mastery
In exercising, or in handling Arms:
(Th' ignorance of which attracteth Harms)
Yet to the skilful they are pleasing Charms.
Although my Genius carries me oft-times
To things that may [in me] be counted
crimes;
That is, to manage many Companies,
Conjoin'd, or parted, to fight Enemies.
(By long experience taught) yet, for all this,
The best Commander in the World may miss
What he would have, and that is, Victory,
Which to no Mortal is entail'd, say I;
No, 'tis the Lord of Hosts that giveth still,
The day to whom he please, and when he will.

Artillery-

Artillery-men, in many things excel,
And Train'd-Band Officers, do very well.
In the Theorick part of War, they are
Proficients, in which, no pains they spare;
Or, shall I, Theoretick-practick, write it,
For both of these, amongst them, seem united.)
Especially in their several firings, when
All things are practis'd, except killing Men.
Give them but Ball, and they can do so too
Unto their enemies, (I'll warrant you.)
In handling Arms, thus much I can discern;
Viz. The *Grecian* Gods might somewhat of
them learn.

King *Priamus*, with all his Warlike Sons,
Would (were they here) admire these *Mirmy-*
dons:

And wish they had been with them, to annoy
The sturdy *Greeks*, when they besieged *Troy*.
The *Spartan* Sparks, in armour gilt with Gold,
Pace with these Sons of Thunder could not
hold.

Nor with their Counter-march, be able to
Ran-counter against what these Men can do,
The *Pyrrhick* Dance, the *Belgick* Cavalry
Could not out-vy this brave Artillery.

Especially upon a General Day,
When they appear in Arms, and brave Array.
When divers sorts of firings may be seen,
And things that nev'r before in use have been:
Only they seem to want the *Spanish* Gate,
Cause it would make them to march more in
State.

Also the *Turks* erected countenance,
Which Terror strikes in Foes, when they
advance,

This to observe, as often as they meet,
And march about, especially in the street.
However, none can take offence at me,
For writing what I formerly did see.
But some object, that many things are done
In exercising, which Men ought to shun,
Because so needless, useless, dangerous,
Distracting too, being so numerous,
Therefore in Wars, they never can be us'd.
Hold, hold, Sir! But who ever Gold refus'd,

When it came freely, though his Purse be
full?

From many Dishes you may pick and cull
A Dinner, yet not burst your belly, Sir,
Except you lay it on with switch and spur.
Store is no store, you know, for 'twill not crack
Your *Pericranium*, nor yet your back,
Except you carry all at once: Therefore
Throw this lazy Objection out the door,
Because, methinks, it smells of prejudice
And malice, to that noble exercise.
For knowledge is no burthen I am sure,
But ignorance and envy can endure
Nothing that's gallant, brave, or honourable,
Tho' to the publick ne'er so profitable.
Just like the Dog that in the Manger lay,
That would himself eat neither Oats or Hay,
Nor suffer them that would: What slaves are
these,
Whose humours none but fools would seek to
please?

(I've for the same, &c. been hated too, by
those

That to all noble things were secret foes;
All in Commission too: However I
Have them out-liv'd, and all their enmity).
Artillery-men learn War in peace, you
know,

Therefore the fitter in the Wars to go.
The *Roman* Majesty and Magnitude,
The *Persian* Bravery and altitude,
Would not disdain to make a stand, and view
The Martial motions of this Warlike Crew.
And *Barzapharnes*, that proud *Parthian* Prince,
They quickly could of arrogance convince,
Who thought, cause he could handle the Dart
and Bow,

That all the Gods him could not overthrow.
But one God was too hard for him, and all
His Army, for he crush'd them great and small.
Raw men, alas, will nothing signify
Against a formidable enemy;
Experienc'd in the practick part of Wars
For many years, and us'd to Wounds and
Scars.

No, they must first be present at some fights,
Where blood, death, horror, and such gasty
fights

Are to be seen, and then indeed, they may
Prove valiant men, and help to win the day.
Such as from their youth, have been Soldi-
ers bred,

(And Soldiers are by many dangers led)
Must needs be stouter, and know something
more,

Than such as never heard the Cannons roar.
Yet, strange it is, to hear some Novices,
In what high strains they will themselves ex-
press;

For they can rout them which they never saw;
Yea, rescue *Daniel* from the Lions paw.

That they could make a shift to drink small
Beer

Above a week, and feed on Country-cheer.

Yea, and at night sleep in a Loft of Hay!

'Tis such as these which made their moan, that
they

Were forc'd to eat Py-crust instead of bread,
So hard were they put to't! so ill, they sped
(As they thought) and such serpents now there
be

Which hate and envy any worth they see
In others, while they nothing do that's brave;
But with such Carpers no Commerce I have.
My Genius scorns to keep the common road,
Where railings and depravings are the mode.
I shun extreams, I hate what is obscene,
My Muse affects to descant on the mean.

I crave no *Heliconian Hippocren*,
No, nor the Scriblings of *Apollo's* Pen.
But thus much, O ye Sons of *Mars*, I may
Without offence (I hope) unto you say,

Viz.

Where Vertue raiseth men to Honour, there,
God will confirm the Dignity. But where
They mount aloft by flattery, or Gold,
Their Glow-worm Magnitude long cannot
hold,

Yet certainly such persons get the start
Of more deserving men, (for the most part)

It hath been so, and is like to be so.
That Blanditude Desert shall overthrow.
If it in competition with him stand,
For, by strange arts, and projects (underhand)
By ways that never have been heard before,
By right or wrong, 'twill have its will. There-
fore,

Desert, go whistle, Valour stand aside,
Vertue in some dark Cell thy self go hide:
For Fools and Pantomimicks bear the Bell,
Because that *Shibboleth* ye cannot spell.
Nor fawn, and creep, as they and others can,
To all sorts, whether Knave or honest man.

These *Protem*-like, turn into any shape;
And for advantage they will be your Ape.
They will be for you here, against you there,
Now for the front, to morrow for the rear.
Nay, for the Devil and Pope too, if they will,
Provided they do help them up the Hill,
Being double minded, double-tongu'd; Also,
Fine double dealing Trinkets they can show.

They are no strangers unto fordid things,
They love to send and give malicious slings;
They inwardly hate men of noble minds;
Nay, him that but to honesty inclines.
Leaders they taunt, (and many times by name)
'Specially such as are of any fame

In Peace and War. Nay, and the Red-coats
too

* They cannot brook, tho' ne'er so stout and
true:

But, Oh ye senseless Animals, take heed
For ye that Soldiers scorn, may Soldiers need:
For tho' Bi-fronted *Jannus* Temple's shut,
And the Sword sheath'd that erst was wont
to cut

Down Horse and man, making such Massacres
Of Armed Ranks, besides deep wounds and
Scars.

Yet perhaps such a time ere long may come,
When the loud strokes of your (yet) silent
Drum

May fright you with unlooked for alarms,
And force you to betake you to your arms;

* This was Writ Anno 1683.

And

And summon you into the Purple field,
There to fight, run away, or basely yield.
Then such *Salvagers* as scorn Soldiers now,
Would Soldiers complement; yea, to them
bow.

As did the Citizens of *Rome* to all
Their valiant Regiments, when *Hannibal*
Approacht their Gates. So the *Greek* Emperor
Did even adore that worthy Conqueror
Great *Tamberlain*; that freed him from the
stroke

Of *Bajazet*, and his enslaving yoke.
Yea, to his Soldiers down himself he bow'd,
Stiling them his deliverers, and vow'd
To love, and honour them. Likewise the
States

Of *Holland*, with their chieftest Optimates,
Court'd their Soldiers, th' *English* specially;
Or *Spain* had swallow'd them undoubtedly.
Great Kings and Princes have with Hat in
hand,

Befeech'd their Soldiers but a while to stand,
When ready to give back; and 'tis well known
The same (oft) in our late War hath been
done

By both the Kings, Prince *Rupert* (and some
more)

At *Naseby*, *Newbery*, at *Marston-Moor*,
And *Worcester* too. But it now appears
How Soldiers have been slighted of late years,
By most ungrateful persons, for whose sake
Their lives and limbs did often lie at stake;
But since they can scarce one of them afford
A draught of Beer, nay, hardly a good word,
Altho the chieftest Blessings they retain
By Soldiers (under God) did they not gain?
O! who would such a sordid people serve,
As can let such as venture for them, starve?
And which is worse than death, huff at; and
jeer'd

By Slaves, that never in a fight appear'd
For neither side, nor King, nor Parliament;
Such Swine were always against Soldiers bent:
Yea, Soldiers hate meerly as such! Don't they
Th' Artillery-Company sometimes decry?

As if they'd have none learn to exercise
Or know how to encounter enemies!
(But what they mean by this, is clear to me)
And besides these, another sort there be
That privately traduce (set on by Hell)
Such as in skill and courage them excel:
Yet when in danger, spur them on to go
With others to engage against the foe.
While they and all such *Hedg-Hogs* as they are
Would hide themselves, or with the fearful
Hare

Run stoutly at first sight of th' enemy,
Or when the Bullets but begin to fly.
Then what are they that daren't so much as
show

Themselves in arms; nay, to a flying foe?
Yet, in a Tavern with good Wine and Cheer,
O, how they'll bounce and brag, and domineer,
And valiantly drink healths, and threaten all
That hear them not, that durst them Cowards
call.

Nay, dare the Vintners boys to fight them; so,
'mong Fools and Fiddlers, for stout men they
go.

They can to others an alarm beat,
But to themselves a merciful retreat!

Fall on, to others, they can stoutly cry;
While they intend courageously to fly.
Divers such have I known, and often seen
In the late Wars, where I have present been.

Qui cupit pacem, parat bellum.

Who wish for peace, will yet in wars appear;
But some in peace and war, are still in fear.
Tho' all are not born Soldiers; yet, I say,
Most young men should learn something, that
they may!

Be able to bear Arms in time of need,
And in the ground their Teachers to succeed;
Which would (in time) fit them to go into
A marching Army, some exploit to do,
By which they would almost immortal seem,
And time from base debauchery redeem;
As did the Youth of *Rome*, in ancient days,

E

Which

Which Crown'd their Temples with Trium-
phal Bays,

For by their skill and courage, they acquir'd
Renown, and were by all the world admir'd.
Some spare hours in the School of *Mars* they
spent

Each week; and muster'd in *Bellona's* Tent,
So that their manner seem'd a war indeed,
In which they weekly did their servants breed,
And all young Gentlemen; by which you know
They did great States, and Kingdoms over-
throw.

But — *Mars*, in *London's* cast behind the door;
Not *Mars*, but *Venus* (now) young men adore;
O thou bewitching and debauching Devil,
Thou introducer of all sorts of evil,
Thou soul-destroying, all-devouring vice,
That to the Devil so many doth entice;
That dost effeminate and pockkise

Those Creatures called men, both low and
high,

Whose health and wealth, and all, dost over-
throw,

Yea, and at last into a lasting woe:
Had I but power to my will, I would
Torment thee, till thy whorish heart grew
cold.

Yea, throw thee to the Devil from whence
thou came,

And out of *Britain* blot thy curst name;

And all thy Favourites in *England*, tame,

And put them all (by Law) to open shame,

And in thy stead *Mars* and *Minerva* place,

And ransom vertue from a sordid race.

But wishing can do none of these (old whore)

Therefore at present I shall say no more.

Ye Sons of *Mars*, now I return again

To you, (whom none, I hope, can justly stain)

Sith I have eas'd my mind in chiding those

That to all Martial men are mortal foes.

And, *among which, your selves I must include

In spite of the malicious multitude.

To you (I say) directly, now I write,

And make you smile by what I shall endite.

* Martialites not their foes.

Which shall be inoffensive every way,

Therefore be pleas'd to read me out, I pray

'Tis intermixt with mirth and seriousness,

And both as harmless as I could express.

I know ye can't be taught to exercise

Sith divers things some of you can devise.

However, after a new fashion, I

Will exercise you, if ye please to try;

Through the five Vowels I shall briefly run

In such a way as never yet was done.

Silence, attention, (and obedience too)

But for this once, I do request of you.

I. A. DISTANCES.

1. **Y**our closest order if you thought it fit,
Inch-order, might be call'd, but I sub-
mit.

2. Close order in your Pockets keep, be sure,
For 'twill them of a deep Consumption cure.

3. Close order in your Speech cannot be blam'd
For opening too wide, hath many sham'd.

4. Order your self, affairs, and family,
By reason, and you'll stand when others fly.

5. Orders may not be orderly, but sure,
Orderly Orders will disorders cure.

6. Order your wits, draw them in rank and
file,

When you see crafty Knaves upon you smile.

7. An open order needful is, sometime
But a foul mouth to open is a crime.

8. An open order in House-keeping hath
Broke many, while good order kept the path.

9. A double distance ever let there be
Between your souls, and every ill you see.

10. At double distance (Sirs) stand from a
Knave,

And from a fawning hollow hearted Slave.

11. At double double distance always keep
From Calleys, or they towards you will creep.

12. At the same distance keep (if you be wise)
From those to Honesty are enemies.

2. E. FACING S.

- 1 **F**ACE to the Right, and keep the right way still ;
Face still about from any thing that's ill.
- 2 Face inward, and examine well your hearts,
Try, if like Christians ye have play'd your parts.
- 3 Face where you will, 'tis two to one, but ye
A Knave before an honest Man may see.
- 4 Face an opposition ; but, to whom ?
To *France*, to Papists, and the Man of *Rome*.
- 5 Face not a shrew, when she begins to scold,
For if you do, her Tongue will never hold.
- 6 Face to the Right and Left, the Front and Rear,
When of disguised Knaves ye stand in fear.
- 7 Face in good earnest, them ye cannot shun,
For a good Face hath oft made braggers run.
- 8 Face not thy Captain with a brazen face,
When he doth justly give thy Coat a Lace.
- 9 Face from such Liquors as inflame the blood,
Yet *Eleemosinary* Wine is good.
- 10 Face not a Brothel-House, but turn your back,
Least Soul, and Purse, and Body go to wrack.
- 11 Face from your Wives, when they give urging Speeches,
Laugh at their folly, but hold fast the Breeches.
- 12 Face, and outface the Devil, and all his crew,
In any thing that's honest, just, and true.

3. I. DOUBLINGS.

- 1 **D**ouble your diligence, and watch,
for fear
The World, the Flesh, and Devil, should
you ensnare.

- 2 Double your Guards, and Centinels sometimes,
Or you'll be guilty thought of other crimes.
- 3 Double *Argentum* in your Pockets take,
Though to your Father you a journey make.
- 4 Double-tongu'd Hypocrites are double dealers,
And near a kin to Cheats, and private Stealers.
- 5 Double your confidence when money fails,
For to look sneakingly nothing avails.
- 6 Double your courage when you see your Foes
Begin upon all hands you to enclose.
- 7 Double your patience in adversity,
And 'twill at last crown you with Victory.
- 8 Double your resolutions against Vice,
And stop your ears, when any you entice.
- 9 Double the number of your friends, but yet
Look to your self ; but do not them forget.
- 10 Double your Prayers in a time of trouble,
For fear your trouble should be more than double.
- 11 Double the fore-front of your Soul, when you
Are tempted any evil thing to do. (left,
- 12 Double your hopes, when nothing else is
For hope hath Rocks of desperation cleft.

4. O. Counter-Marchings.

Id est, *Contrary-Marchings*.

- 1 **T**O Countermarch before an enemy,
Is one way to the loss of Victory.
- 2 To Countermarch your thoughts, puts them into
Confusion, by which something you may do.
- 3 As Countermarch gaining ground is the best,
So gaining ground of Vice brings Souls to rest.
- 4 Counterfeit Counter-marches against Vice,
Makes virtue fade, and zeal as cold as Ice.
- 5 Counter-march from the Counter, if in debt,
Left Catchpols you into their clutches get.

6 Counter-march evil actions what you can,
 Let Reason and Religion lead the van.
 7 Countermarch well your Consciences, and
 try
 What Counter-scuffles there do latent ly.
 8 Encounter Counter-marchers, and they'll
 soon
 Run Counter-Crofs into confusion.
 9 Ran-counter to the counter-part, and
 you
 Perchance some un-expected thing may do.
 10 To countermine a Knave that means to
 cheat,
 Is honestly his projects to defeat.
 11 March Counter to the Counter, if you be
 Plagu'd with that Devil whose name begins
 with D.
 12 March Counter to the counter-mand of
 those
 Would hinder you from chafing of your
 Foes,
 Or you in just and lawful things oppose.

5. U. WHEELINGS.

1 **W**heel off from evil Company, also
 From feigned friends, as from a
 deadly foe.
 2 Wheel all your sinful thoughts into a Ring,
 And let them know you'll over them be King.
 3 Wheel Front, and Flank, and Reer, and
 what you will ;
 Yet what's all this, if you be down the Hill ?
 4 Wheel off in earnest from thy sneaking
 tricks,
 O Jack—— and from thy costly Meretrix.
 5 Wheel from the Center to circumference
 Yet what's that, where's a feared conscience?
 6 Wheel round your self, take an impartial
 view,
 And you may find what yet you never knew.
 7 Wheel off? no, no, till you have paid your
 shot,
 Left you be paid off with the Pewter-Pot.

8 Wheel off from Setting-Dogs, or they'll
 beset,
 And by degrees draw you into their Net.
 9 Wheel off from jealousy, stop ears and
 eyes,
 Put up the Horn in peace, if thou be wise.
 10 Wheel from the Tavern when you have
 enough,
 Lest you should meet *Pemicians* counter-buff,
 11 Wheel, and Re-wheel, but wheel not over
 fast,
 For *Wheelers* Wheel, did wheel him off at last.
 12 Wheel round the Wheel of Fortune, and
 you'll find
 All Men and things unconstant as the Wind.
 He's only happy that makes God his friend,
 And neither needs to borrow, nor to lend.

This (Gentlemen) is all I have to say
 Of exercising in this silent way.
 The Military mode I leave to you,
 For I've forgot what sometimes I could do:
 Not having for these Five and Twenty years,
 Exercis'd either Pikes nor Musqueteers,
 For time hath indisposed me thereunto;
 Yet a well-wisher to all such as do.
 What I have writ, I hope, will not offend
 Your minds, which thing my thoughts did
 ne'er intend.
 So wishing you all Health and Happiness,
 And that God would you and your City bless.

Paulo Majora Canamus.

Great Armies wanting Order, (as you
 know)
 Will dissipate themselves without a foe.
 A scattering March, when the Enemy is nigh,
 Hath such mad Marches brought to misery,
 As in the Wars I've seen four several times;
 Therefore such Marchings are no Venial
 crimes.
 Of marching Armies in the Senior days,
 The several Nations had their several ways.

Israel

An Elogium upon the London Artillery.

29

Israel from Egypt marched five a breast,
Turks, Persians, and the people of the East;
 Marched and fought by heaps and crowds, in
 which

Confusion they always suffer'd much.
 The *Macedons* still march'd in great Phalan-
 ges,

And kept that order several Parafanges,
 Before they would break either Rank or File;
 Yet at their manner *Cæsar* us'd to smile.

'T would be too tedious to write any more
 Of Marches, which I supercede therefore.
 The modern mode of marching certainly,
 Is far more easier for the Souldiery,
 And also more delightful to the eye:

In which, who can out-vye the martial Tribe
 Of *London*, or their skill in arms describe?
 The Kingdom is beholden to their care.

For every Week they teach; therefore they
 are

The School of *Mars*, where all the rudi-
 ments

Of War is taught by old Proficients,
 For which, this (too too scant) *Elogium*, I
 Compos'd, to praise them to posterity;
 Because the present Age too little prize them,
 Though none but envious Ideots despise them.
 If something were not learnt of War in Peace,
 Conduct and fame would soon amongst us
 cease.

Yea, and be over-run of foreign Nations,
 At least in danger daily of Invasions.
 How often Peace hath been obtain'd by wars?
 How often Wars have ended tedious Jars?
 How many depredations have been seen
 Where Martial Discipline hath wanting been?
Danes, Saxons, Normans, *England* oft invaded,
 Whereby the Land was very much degraded.
 But had they been well exercis'd in Arms,
 They had not felt such, nor so many harms.
 But since this famous Company reviv'd,
 They have most of that honour well retriav'd,
 Which had been lost in former time by those
 That were out-matcht by exercised foes.
 But now let *French* invade us if they dare,

(So we but true amongst our selves are)
 For *England* never better was provided
 Of Martialists (tho' envy seeks to hide it)

Than now it is, and hath for many years,
 As by their brave admired skill appears.

Is it not from our Military brood
 That *England* so renowned is abroad?

How many brave Commanders known have I,
 Which have been Members of this Company,
 That served both the King and Parliament,

In the late Wars? how many of them went
 Beyond Sea? where much honour they ac-
 quir'd,

Being for their skill and courage much ad-
 mir'd.

Which high renown they never could have
 gain'd,

Had they not in this Company been train'd,
 Whose enemies have wisht them wholly crusht,
 And all their fame in dark oblivion hush't.

Because so prais'd in *Paris, Venice, Rome, &c.*
 And the remoter parts of Christendom;

But they as soon may lift *Olympus* up,
 And drink *Apollo's* Pitcher at a sup,
 As to exterminate or nullifie

This most admired Martial Company,
 Whose fame the Muses founded have by droves
 Among the Martialists, and Lawrel groves.

Have they not been extolled by our Kings,
 For the variety of noble things

By them offended? Foreign Princes too,
 Have much admir'd at what they saw them do.

Our Duke in them such Bravery did see,
 That he desir'd their General to be;

And whom he treated as the best of men;
 Yea, with them din'd in person, now and then,

Altho' they were no friends to his Religion,
 (As he knew well) but far from his opinion.

The Prince of *Denmark* too, could not refrain
 From Blazoning this Military Train,

When (with the Duke) he led them to their
 Ground,

And still their Commendation forth doth
 sound.

Shall

Shall Kings and Princes, and prime Optimates,
Gentlemen, Travellers, Scholars and Magnates,
Praise and admire this Martial Company,
And shall a Rascal sort of people cry

And bawl against them, for they know not
what?

Which of the Furies makes them so to chat?

Surely 'tis Monsieur Envy, and no other,

Which to the Devil, is both a friend and
Brother.

First may the Tropicks meet together, and

The curled Main be turned into Land,

First may the Welkin from Diana fly,

And bright Aurora's blushes quit the sky;

Also grim Mavors still run retrograde,

And Jupiter be turn'd into a shade;

Before a noble generous spirit can
Creep to a slave that is both Devil and man,

Whose sole delight is daily to bespatter

Brave souls, yet to their faces fawn and flatter:

For as one wave another doth impell

Unto the shore, and o'er the bank to swell,

Impuls'd by Cynbia, who rules with ease,

The flux and reflux of the rowling Seas,

Which doth not only rage and overflow,
But bears down all before it; even so
Those thick-skin'd-fellows, and those braw-
ny hinds

(Whose grosser Bodies, carry grosser minds)

Are always barking (like a Testy Cur)

At little faults; nay they will make a stir

For nothing; and so confident and bold,

That Best of Billinggate, they can out-scolld.

Pray slight them, lish to Envy they were born,

Pass by them with an honourable scorn.

Contra verbosos noli contendere verbis,

Seximo datur cunctis, animi sapientia paucis.

Strive not in words, against a prating Crew,

Tho' all have words, yet wisdom have but few.

Some have more words than wisdom, (more's
the pity)

For words disturb, but wisdom stills the City.

Some have more Gold than wit, more wit than
Grace;

And some will ne'er be good, they are so base.

Cum recte visus, me curas verba malorum.

K A L E T E.

THE

T H E
MAGNANIMITY and GALLANTRY
O F T H A T
ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE
T H E

Elect^r of Brandenburg,

Discovered in His Noble

L E T T E R
(HEREUNTO ANNEXED)

TO SEVERAL
MINISTERS of STATE,

Declaring his firm Resolution to Defend the
Protestant Religion ; for which an Encomium (display-
ing his Great Worth) is here Compos'd and Publish'd.

By THO. PLUNKET.

Emore præstat per virtutem, quam per dedecus vivere. Cic.

Better with Honour die, (as many have),
Than live disgracefully, or be a Slave.

London, Printed for W. Marshal at the Bible in Newgate-Street, 1689.

MAGNANIMITY AND COURAGE

OF THE

Electors of Brandenburg

to be held in the Year 1713

THE

(APPENDIX TO THE)

TO SEVERAL

MINISTERS OF STATE

By the Hon. the Lord High Treasurer

for the better Regulation of the Affairs of the Kingdom of Great Britain, and for the more easy and speedy Discharge of the same.

By the Hon. the Lord High Treasurer

Printed by W. Baskett, Stationer, in Pall-mall.

Printed by W. Baskett, Stationer, in Pall-mall.

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T O

His MAJESTY.

May it please your most Excellent Majesty,

TH E Subject of the subsequent discourse,
 (For which I shall incur the Jesuits Curse)
 And that brave Duke (chiefly concerned) too,
 Illustrious Prince, no Strangers are to you.

I could not (when his Letter I had read)
 Forbear (though something late) his Fame to spread.
 Whose zeal for true Religion here I have
 Display'd too meanly, for a Prince so brave.
 However, for His sake I do request
 Your Highness Patronage (which is the best)
 Of this Encomium, written by the hand
 Of him that ever rests at your Command.

F

An

A N A P O L O G Y.

THe Reader may with reason demand, why this was not Printed sooner? the answer is, because honest Printers (for I would not trust others) durst not meddle with it in those perillous days, for fear of present Trouble, or the future displeasure of a great Man at Court; besides, I thought best deferring it a while, to give people time enough to discourse the Letter it self; which, being by this time almost forgotten, I therefore publish it now, on purpose to revive the memory of the Letter among us (herewith Re-printed) but especially the honour of that noble Hero the Author of it, though lately expired. However, His most excellent Son and Successor, the present Elector, being of the same Name with His renowned Father, and Inheritor as well of His noble Vertues, as of his ample territories and other grandities, I thought therefore that it might be of as good use, and as much to the purpose now as formerly. My design being chiefly to record and keep in memory amongst us, the honour and worth of that illustrious, ancient and potent Family, for their great zeal, love to, and care of the Protestant Religion, a taste whereof you have in the aforesaid Letter, to the lasting Fame and Glory of Brandenburg.

Vale.

LETTER

FROM THE

Duke of Brandenburg,

To several Ministers of STATE;

SHEWING

His Firm RESOLUTION to Defend the

Protestant Religion.

Gentlemen,

I Shall be aware both how and with whom I engage; for through the Conduct of all the Affairs of the Confederates, since the Rise of the War in the year 1672, their several Projects have been no sooner formed but betrayed; for, the Jesuits being the Ascendant, both laid a Monarchical Design, and a total Subversion of the Protestant Religion, all over Europe, influencing most Princes Councils, by a powerful Operation of Money, both from Rome and France, which is plentifully bestowed, and was gratefully re-

ceived; and though the Jesuits seem to carry on several Interests, being the guidance of many Princes, yet craftily center their Designs in the most Potent.

And I too sensibly know, that when I commanded the Imperial Forces, my Destruction was levell'd at, by the Jesuitical Cabal, by those I Assisted, which caused me timely to withdraw.

Now therefore amidst these Disadvantages, can I promise any better Success? I have many Motives to induce my belief, that the same Design is vigorously carrying on, though in a seeming Peace; nothing therefore can be of Efficacy to Protect us, till we new model our Affairs, and by a strict, sincere Re-union, and fixt Resolution to go through the Work, and to make an utter Dismission of all the Jesuits, who lie lurking in our Bosoms only to confound us.

But, I fear some are so infatuated by them, as not to pursue my Advice till Desolation and Misery overtake them: And for my part I will strictly observe it my self, and for ever despise their pestilent Notions, and stand upon my Guard, and assume the glory, though I be forsaken by all, and chuse rather to die with the Sword in my Hand, in Defence of my Country and Protestant Religion, than survive under the Tyranny of France and Malignancy of Rome; for I am sure in what place soever it dilates it self, a Deluge of Misery will be brought along with it, both by Oppression and Idolatry.

A

Touch at Waverers,

Instead of a P R E F A C E.

SOME turn and change, and alter with the Wind,
 Being scarce five days together of one mind ;
 Weather-cock-like, stand as the Wind doth blow,
 And what to make of them 'tis hard to know :
 Now, cry *Hosanna*, but e'er Weeks are past,
 They madly roar out, Crucifie , as fast.
 Here half a Protestant , here half a Papist :
 Here bluster like *Maachavilian* Statist :
 This week stand up for God, the next for *Badl* :
 Now sweet, e'er long as bitter's any Gall :
 Now lukewarm, cold to morrow, next day hot ;
 As if i'th' airy Trigon they were got.
 What Frenzy hath possess'd the minds of men ?
 For stedfast you shall not find five in ten :
 What Consternations are we like to see,
 When wise men cannot with themselves agree ?
 Nor men with men, tho of the same Religion,
 Because so wedded to a self-opinion.
Jack-Adams with *Jack-Adams* doth contend,
 'Cause *Jack* to *Adams* will not condescend,
 So *Jack* and *Adams*, one another rend.

}
 Such

A Touch at Waverers, instead of a Preface.

Such Maggot-pates should trade in *Hellebore*,
 Left *Compos mentis* they should be no more.
 Say, and unsay, and change with every time,
 Play fast and loose: Sirs, is not this a Crime?
 Jeer *Atlas*, laugh *Democritus*, for why?
 Men give themselves, their former selves the lye.
Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.

Stability and stedfastness are lost,
 And Honesty from post to pillar tost.
 The Scull and *Pericranium* are fallen out,
 The Brain with Windmill fancies whirls about;
 The mouth rebels against the mind; the Will
 Is subdivided between good and ill,
 The Gall affronts the Liver. And the Spleen
 Shoots' poyson'd Arrows at the Heart unseen.

Mundus magnus homo, Homo parvus mundus.

The Microcosm is out of order; and
 So is the Macrocosm by Sea and Land,
 The Center against Nature seems to swim:
 Yet men see nothing; still their eyes are dim.
 Only the Papist steady is in all
 His Plots and Projects Diabolical.
 Then sleep in your security, till He
 With horror rouze you from your Lethargy.

*Multa laudantur in Principio, sed qui ad finem perseverat
 beatus est.*

A N

ENCOMIUM

On the Worthy

Duke of Brandenburg,

F O R

His Noble and Seasonable LETTER, giving his
Resolution to Defend the *Protestant Religion*.

The Introduction.

WHo sees not Vertue out of fashion
grow,
And floods of Vice in every corner
flow?

Who's such a fool, as cannot hear or see
Right Reason ranked with stolidity;
And brave Heroick Spirits commonly
Clouded most slyly with malignity?
Whose fallow Jawbones sink and fall each day,
And through corroding hatred pine away;
Darting revenge from a contracted brow,
Which at the virtuous covertly they throw;
And feed so long on envy 'till it brings
Them in a deep Consumption. Yet, some things

They once approv'd off, now each of them hates,
As if some frenzy did possess their pates.
To see the objects of their malice thrive
Is Death: yea, 'tis a death they are alive.
Nay, they care not (though to their own confusion)
If Anti-Rome might make a hot conclusion.
And with conspiring Catiline over-whelm
Such Patriots as wisely steer the Helm.
Fools mount and fall; yea, fall and never rise;
But such extreams are shunned by the wise,
Who firmly stand, although they stand on high,
Because their Pole star is pure verity.
Desert, and not Ambition, is the step,
By which they rise, but Assentators leap

Upon

The INTRODUCTION.

*Upon the Stage, by what they are; but none
Of that stamp ever permanent were known.
'Tis noble deeds in dangers imminent,
That render noble Patriots eminent.*

*Many have by wise management of things,
Mounted from low degree on Eagles Wings:
True noble minds (as unto all is known)
Live in such virtues as acquire renown;
Which some so envy, and some emulate,
As if thy bonnds would fain prescribe to Fate,
Envy and Emulation are half Brothers.
The first sting kills, and noble actions smother:
The second doth excite Men to such things
As have amazed mighty States and Kings:
Yet, wherein such hath place no true Religion,
Their emulation will be found ambition;
Which, if not check'd in time, proves such a Beast
As will on Sheep, as well as Foxes, feast.*

*Could but the Lily now supplant the Rose,
And of the Belgick Lion yet dispose;*

*And such a Goss-hawk prove, as should amate
The Austrian Eagle, and Tridentine State;
And ravish all those Regions between the
Pyrenean Mountains, and Cantabrian Sea,
Taming the Celtiberians; and from thence
Grasp all into Morvedre in Valence.*

*Nay, more, the Alpes turn into Royal Forts,
And stretch his Line to the Sicilian Ports;
And all, even to the Banks of Nilus catch;
Yea, Alexander in his Conquests match:
Yenif, the Ignatian Tribe he did not crush,
His greatness would not signify a rush:
For they will have a hand in every thing,
So Lewis; would be but almost a King.*

*Nay, many Popes of them have stood in fear,
Such Lurdons are they! yea, such sway they bear,
That the Consistory sometimes dare not
But choose him Pope, whom they please to allow.*

*Strange Fate, that such a saucy upstart Tribe,
Should Rule the World, and Laws to it prescribe.*

AN ENCOMIUM

On the Worthy

Duke of Brandenburg.

BUT *Brandenbourg*, as you may plainly see,

Scorns once their slave, or hobby-Horse to be.

Bright star of Honour! Glory of thy Nation!

Teutonick Champion! worth, in exaltation!

The Lamp, the Morning-Sun, of *Germany*,

The best of Dukes for Truth and Piety;

A Worthy, Valiant, Wife, great Prince
Elector;

And of all Protestants a good Protector.

We, in *Great Britain*, justly do admire

Those sacred flames which set thy Soul on
Fire.

When some contriv'd to ruine, or amate thee.

And no less do we wonder at thee

For thy true Zeal, great Spirit, and brave
mind,

Which we in thy thrice welcome Letter find:

Thou didst afright the Rampant Jesuits,
when

Such Thunderbolts flew from thy awful Pen;

Their Bulls, nor Fulminations (as we see)

Can terrify, nor yet discourage thee:

No, though against thee, with them should
advance

The force and power of ambitious Fra

Whose lofty King, though he is mighty,
yet

He's not Almighty; no, for bounds are set

To his designs, by one far greater than

Himself; even he which Scripture stiles *Amen*.

He can un-king thy King, O *France*, with ease,

And bring him to his foot-stool when he
please.

The Pope, if magnipotent, yet he is

Not omnipotent; (Jesuits grant ye this)

Nor are his Russians (who thirst blood to
drink)

Immortal, or invincible, I think.

He trusts in Men, and maketh flesh his Arm,

Therefore accurst. He cannot check nor
charm

En infinitum! no, 'tis past his skill,

We know he wanteth power to his will.

The Kings of *France*, *Spain*, *Poland*, *Portu-
gal*, &c.

Are his grand Vassals, He commands them all:

But *Brandenbourg* is more Magnanimous,

Being sprung from a most noble ancient
House;

Whom, and some others, God will raise on
high,

to great things for him before they die;

G Mean

An Encomium on the worthy Duke of Brandenbourg.

Mean time, great Soul, be watchful, have a care,

Lest for thee should be laid some deadly snare.
The bloody Jesuits, backt with all the
Heaven,

Have many Christians of their Lives bereaven.
Read o'er the *Sacred* and *Turkish* Acts,
The *Mamelukes*, and *Sybilian* Cataclysts;
You'll find those Butchers have more mischief
done

Than all of them; and it is two to one,
But that at length, their too much meddling
may

Provoke some Popish Potentates to pay
Some with the Rope, and banish all the rest;
For where they Rule, there things cannot be
blest;

Then imitate bold *Brandenbourg*, for he
Hath openly Cashier'd them, you may see.
Louis, while there's a Jesuit or Pope,
From danger to live free, thou canst not hope,
Ma Foy, Thou canst not safely wear a
Crown,

'Till to the Devil those Blood-hounds thou
hast thrown.

Thou art not sure; nay, thou canst not be
sure

They will not hurt thee; how canst thou en-
dure

Such Rogues as Murther'd *Henry* thy Grand-
father?

Though he bestow'd upon them many a
favour.

Therefore, there's no obliging them, O King!
No, though thou pleasure them in every
thing.

What danger of them divers Kings are in?
To Murder them, or thee, they count no sin.
Serve them as our Eighth *Henry* did, for He,
Thou knowest, threw out the Popes Supre-
macy;

And all his Monks, Nuns, Friars, Jesuits too,
By which, a mighty Prince indeed he grew
Who was before a slave: Take my advi-
Do as he did, and more, if thou be wise.

But there's no hopes thou'lt ever come to
good,

Because thou art so much for shedding blood;
Thousands of Saints thou hast Dragoon'd to
Death,

And Myriads more robb'd of their precious
breath;

Therefore as high and great as thou art now,
Both thou, and thine, shall to misfortune bow.
But noble *Brandenbourg*, Thou, Thou art He
That scorn'st to Jesuits such a slave to be.

Those Hydra's are spawn'd in the See of *Rome*,
Storms needs must rise where her Sea-mon-
sters come;

For all Divisions these Hundred years,
And errors among Protestants, appears
To be the *Spectrums* of their plotting brains;
Which they have spread with no small cost
and pains:

For almost in each Troop and Company,
And each Religious Society,
They had some to pervert and undermine,
Especially in the year Fifty nine;
So, that where e'er they come, they mischief
make:

Yea, Men of soundest Principles they shake,
Setting the Son against the Father; nay,
The Wife against the Husband, that they may
Thereby work their own ends. Yea, on each
King

And Nation, they heap trouble; yea, they
bring

Monst them, as 'twere a Spiritual Pest and
Pox,

And all the evils of *Pandora's* Box.
Then who would not help *Brandenbourg*?

come, come,
And drive these Monsters out of Christen-
dom.

Indeed [true] Jesuits are Christians; but,
Rome's Jesuits seek Christians Throats to
cut,

Because themselves are none; for if they were,
They would not of them stand so much in
fear;

Nor London felt so sad a conflagration;
Nor Wars so feared in each Christian Nation.
The censures of the *Sorbonne* faculty,
Of their damnable errors, and impiety,
Shew what they are. O *W. L. L. L. L. M.* give
the word,
And let those Cockatrices feel thy Sword;
Do thou appear to many a defence,
For of thy Name that is the very fence;
And with the bloody *Frenchmen* make such
work,
As glorious *Naundorff* did with the *Turks*;
Or as renowned *Zisca*, who did rout
Great *Sigismund*, that before did stout
And fear at him. Here, why should I omit,
Thy Ancestors, who with their Swords did
slit
The Nose of that great Whore of *Babylon*;
By whom, and others, she was half undone;
For ever since her Pristine Glory
Could not assuage. O that brave Soul, by thee
She might be quite undone, conjoin'd with
those
That dare her host ring *Nirreds* now oppose.
While *Mercy* is in Heaven, and a good cause
On Earth; who think *Rome*, and her bloody
Laws
Cannot be cruell; ne'er rightly did believe
In God, but pin their Faith on others
sleeve;
But this our Hero, better things doth know,
As his brave *Letter* manfully doth show,
Which ought to be refer'd in golden Pages,
To be transmitted unto after Ages;
That they may read the Magnanimity
Of that brave Prince; and keep in memory
How early, and how zealously he did
Appear even in the Front, and bravely bid
Defiance to the Foes of *Jesus Christ*;
The plotting *Jesuits*, and their High-
Priest;
Whilst others seem'd to play at least in
fight.
Curse ye such *Mercy*, as shall fear to fight,

When *Swords* are ready to invade
Which he threatens shall be made
The scorn, the laughing-stock of all the
World,
And so be into confusion hurld.
Come valiant *Brandenbourg*, thou, and thy
Sons,
Must help to crush the Brats of *Babylon*;
And other Worthies of this Nation too,
Are born (I'm confident) great things to do.
Ten thousand with Gods help have wonders
done,
Five have I known make Thirty thousand run;
And kill Four thousand of them on the place,
And take Ten thousand more upon the chase;
After both sides appealed solemnly
To God: And that he would grant victory
To them that had the justest cause; and so
It did fall out accordingly; although
The routed still were obstinate. (But God
Would not be mock'd, for they have felt his
Rod
Since that; and more are like to feel.) Pray
then
Despair not, for the *Papists* are but Men,
Not Gods, nor Angels, Saints, nor Christians
good,
Because they thirst to shed true Christian
blood.
Killing is Murder, and no Murder; but,
I'm sure, 'tis Murder good Mens Throats to
cut.
Papists, by their Religion, are bound
All Protestants to torture, kill, and wound.
Surely their Principles were hatcht in Hell,
Sith all their Combinations of it smell.
Doth not this gallant Prince, of whom I write,
To noble Resolutions us excite?
In which, I hope, we of the *British* Nation,
Will think him worthy of our imitation.
I say, should we not follow his example,
Rather than *Papists* should upon us trample,
And murder us, our Wives and Children too;
Which, I am sure, they would not spare
to do,

If they had power, *A brave resolution* Will much contribute towards their confusion. Better die manfully with sword in hand, And fight as long as ever we can stand, Than be hang'd up like dogs. Our Wives and Daughters First ravish'd, then kill'd. With horrid slaughters Of Protestants, in Fields, Streets, Lanes, and Houses. These things if well considered, soon would rouse us. But be sure let the Papists first begin: For us to do so, were no venial sin. The very sight of a great Army will Some terrifie, yea, them with horror fill; Yet many a multitude have very few Good Soldiers in it, neither old or new. It is such, not an huge throng, that win the field: But God alone the victory doth yield. Who with the best, though fewest, taketh part, Unless their sin make him awhile depart. They that fear numbers, Leaders specially, Much more wil fear to fight them; no, they fly. Which will daunt and discourage all the rest; 'Twere better be without such, (I protest) A few good Soldiers well conducted, will Do more than thrice as many without skill. Hot-spurs against a wary enemy, Will do no good, but hasten misery. When he that keeps the mean will safely ride; If he can't stemm, yet he will cross the tide. Brave *Brandenbourg*, to none is second in The feats of War and Warlike Discipline. Else he had not been pitcht upon to lead Th' Imperial Army, as you plainly read In his stout Letter: where he tells you that His own destruction was levell'd at, By Jesuited Cabals: and how they had Infatuated divers, to which add Their bribing Princes Councils, friend and foe, The whole Protestant cause to overthrow: Which mischief, as the worst of miseries, He will prevent as much as in him lies.

Hold on, Brave Prince, in what thou hast begun, And Heaven protect thee till thy race is run, I know not how some will these lines receive, Boye all such as to *Rome*, now stand half bent. Nay, others of a better frame are prone To blame all writings which are not their own. For self-opinion hath made them wise, So that the finest wits they will despise. But I am none of them, therefore I need Not fear such as on envy love to feed. Who (like the As in Trappings) terrifies Such Mules as can, (but dare not) verifie. Fearing the strokes of their deep drolleries Or to be known for the Popes enemies. If this be all, my Muse shall still endite: Nor shall my Pen for this fear truth to write. Nor I am born for nobler ends than to Comply and equivocate, as many do. Transcendant *Brandenbourg*! I come again To blaze thy worth; which envy cannot stain: *Rome*, thou hast startled much already by Thy Letter full of Magnanimity. O the Vindictive rage and malice that Now lies in wait! you know what she'd beat; Vix Destruction, Devastation, quenchless flames, Blood, rapin, ruin, are her end and aim. Malice [in her] hath found its proper nest. Envy's enthroned in her bloody breast. Would ever any generous spirit be A Papist if he knew what others see? Great Soul! thou understandest from thy youth, What are their Tents, and how far from truth. Stand to thy Letter, and God will stand by thee, 'Tis he alone that gives the victory. Why frowns not *Mars* and *Minos* upon those That would have Earth and Hell at their dispose? But the tremendous Tetragrammaton Will

Will not, not always be a looker on:
The mighty [He] in power does surmount:
Yea, they shall know: [He] is Lord Paramount.

Can he them favour that would him de-
throned?

Will he not from his foes defend his own?
Is not his Glory now as much concern'd,
As when Pharaoh him, and his people scorn'd?
He can the Romish Pharaoh overwhelm
In his own see; or thrust him from the

Helm:
Yea, force him, and his Jesuits to drink
Deep draughts of vengeance blacker than
mine Ink.

And trample haughty Lewis under foot,
And all such bloody Potentates to boot.

I doubt not but thousands alive shall see
Such things as shall amaze and trouble thee

O France! and thy adherers great and small,
Though now most confident to carry all.

But — Judgment must at Zion first begin,
She must expect to suffer for her sin.

What storms and Tempests do the Jesuits
raise?

What fears do even mighty men surprize?
What dire Catastrophe's impending are?

What stupefactive things we daily hear?
What strange discoveries of Plots are made?

Yet Divine *Astrea* still runs retrograde.
The Earth's fill'd with fraud and violence,

Impulsed by the Jesuits influence.
Yet some will credit nothing till they are

Convinc'd by feeling arguments. Beware
I say, beware lest Eighty eight proves not

Like Forty two, or three, when went to pot
So many Thousands, almost in an hour.

And do not some at present on us lowre?
Pray what assurance have you that the Papists

(Join'd with false Protestants, and ranting
Atheists,)

Will not in their intended course proceed,
And which by bloody France is now decreed?

Sleep on, in your security, sleep on,
And see what will come of it at long run;

Sleep on till midnight horrors do awake you,
And unexpected evils overtake you:
As 'twas in Ireland (which still makes me
groan)

In that Blood-streaming year of Forty one,
When I did see and hear such things as would

Amaze, and make the stoutest heart grow cold.
But, Brandenburg, thy Letter hath abated

Much of our fears; and Christians animated.
Say, say, brave Duke, arm, arm, thou son of

Thunder,
And scatter these fell Termagants in sunder:

Those Birds of prey would fain pick out the
eyes

Of such as will not offer sacrifice
To their grand Idol; and themselves adore,

As the prime Champions of the Romish Whore.
To frown them out of thy Dominions,

Or banish them by Proclamations;
Won't do: but hang them up, and then, may be

They will not for a season trouble thee;
But they're so brazen-brow'd, so impudent,

So sly, bold, malapert, (yet complaisant)
So cunning, crafty, subtil, that they will

Fool and deceive men of the greatest skill,
That are not well acquainted with their Jokes,

Equivocations, shifts, Ironick-strokes.
For they will swear that they are no such

men:

But Perjury with Jesuits is no sin:
So, that 'tis very hard to find them out,

But Gold can do it, be they ne'er so stout.
What dirty dung-hill spirits some men have,

Who creep to Papists, and their favours crave
Before hand: how officious are they for them?

How ready to bestow all kindness on them?
Sheltring and feasting them at Taverns, and

Lend them what money they please to de-
mand.

By what ignoble Policies they do
Comply with them; yea, see their Friars to,

Hoping t' oblige them, but — they may as soon
Evacuate tame *Isis* with a spoon:

For only *Polyphemus* court thee
They can expect, and that is, last to die.

What

What servile, sneaking, abject Tykes are these,
That every Rascal Papist seek to please?

Nay, what if some of them should be Mag-
nates!

Go, go, ye creeping Capons, 'mong your Mates,
Queens, Cowards, Courtezans, Hen-huswives,
Go,

Wear Aprons, Hood, Coifs, Petticoats also.
Co, Knit and spin; brave Spirits scorn you all,
As the Tag-rag, and dirt of Adam's fall.

For ye that wink and fawn on Papists now,
Will, if they bluster, basely to them bow.

Most noble Prince, I bid thee now farewell,
Wishing thou maist Gods enemies repel:

A mirror stand to Christian Magistrates,
A terror stand to Popish Potentates,

A horror stand to Romish treacheries,
A Souldier stand, so as to win the prize;

A Pillar stand for the cause Protestant,
A Father stand for the Church militant;

Yea, let thy brave Successors ever stand (hand)
For truth, as thou hast done with sword in hand,

Too careful of thy self thou canst not be,
For all the Jesuits still threaten thee,

(As they do each reformed State and Prince)
May Heaven thee prosper in thine own defence
And the Protestant Cause, the which thou hast
Declared to stand by unto the last.

May all the Boreal Princes, Kings and States,
And other pious Protestant Magnates, north

Take the same noble resolution,
Viz. Turn Affect, and not seldbookers on.
Neutrality in such a case and time,

Will be judg'd an unpardonable crime;
Yea, 'tis a sneaking, dirty disposition;

Besides, 'twill raise in men a just suspicion,
That such are rotten, false, or cowardly,

Which will bespatter their posterity
With shame and infamy. Nay, Papists too,

Will look upon them as a treach'rous crew,
So that by both sides they must needs expect

To suffer, because both they did neglect
Rouze then, prepare with Cannibals to War,

And follow Brandenburg, that Northern Star.

PLAIN

PLAIN DEALING

WITH

Treachorous Dealers.

ANNO 1683.

TELL me what mortal can himself re-
strain
From uttering what unto him is pain?
Who would not write being inwardly oppress'd
If writing will exonerate his breast?
Who can but brand the madness of the time,
And ease his mind even in Sarcastick Rhime?
Are all the yerking Muses fallen asleep?
I wonder how they now can silence keep,
When treachery and perjury destroy,
More Hero's than fell at the Siege of *Troy*.
Then give me leave once more to rattle those
That to a Kingdom are the greatest foes.
And though I do fall short of other Pens,
Yet have I honest, good, and noble ends.
Therefore, Reformed Reader, I desire
Thy kind acceptance, which shall be my hire.

Quare fremuerunt Gentes?

Why do the Papists rage so cruelly?
And brutish people trust in vanity?
VVhy do they lay such stress on humane wit,
Sith Heaven upon it doth in Judgment sit?
What folly is it to combine with Hell
Against *Jehovah*, and *Emanuel*?
Whoever got by such vile practices?
Or prospered in the ways of wickedness?

VVhat Monsters? what dire *Hydra's* hath this
age

Brought forth to fill the Earth with blood and
strage?

Have all the Furies forc'd a way through Hell,
To fright the world, and all that in it dwell?
Being conjur'd up by *Rome*, still, still, at work;
Resolving to surpass the Devil and *Turk*,
In malice, mischief, murders, Massacres,
New Tragedies, and Crimfon Characters.

Whose Laws like *Draco's* are not writ with
Ink,

But Blood; more blood therefore she longs to
drink;

Wherewith she never yet was fated: no,
Nor will until she faint, and speechless grow.
Christ took his Church out of the world; but,
Sirs,

The world is the Pope's Holy Church; who
stirs

Them up against poor Sion every way,
To persecute, enthrall, vex, burn and slay.

There's few but Rogues and Whores will
take thy part,

O *Rome*, and such as rotten are in heart;

'Pray take them all, for spare them well can
we;

Leave us the Wheat, and take the Tares to
thee:

A good riddance truly, for three or four
True Hearts, are of such Rake-hells worth
a score.

O restless Bawd ! thou sittest now as Queen,
Venting upon the Saints thy Gall and Spleen ;
By how much thou thy self hast magnify'd,
By so much shall this Woe be multiply'd.
We see thy Agents can false Servants hire,
Their Masters Houses to consume with fire ;
Nay, Masters too, they can [so] work upon,
All to promote a conflagration,
By firing their own Houses, O ye Swine,
Fell Fiends, Miscreants, thus to combine
With Hell, their innocent Neighbours
(without cause)

To ruine and expose them to the Paws
Of Tygres, Bears, and Bandogs ; who could
think

That *English*-men such poison down would
drink ?

Nay, others, 'stead of helping at a fire,
Rob poor distracted people, so retire !
These are, or such as soon would Papists be ;
From which Religion, *Lord, deliver me* :
For well I know 'tis founded upon blood ;
Therefore, a Papist never can be good.
The Pope! they honour more than Christ ;
yea, more

Old Shoes, Boots, Cloaks, and Bread-Gods
they adore,

And other Relicks, once belonging to
Some silly Dotard, which they never knew.
This, and much more, the Jesuits, and all
Their Clergy do impose on great and small ;
Whose Pupils poison, and contaminate
Each City, County, Kingdom, People, State.
Who kills a Christian, Heaven (say they)
shall merit

Who Murder most, high place in Heaven in-
herit :

These are but tastes of those damn'd drugs,
with which

The *Romanists* so many fools bewitch :
And 'tis but fruitless with them to dispute ;
For when by sacred writ they are struck mute,

Backt with strong arguments assiduously,
And that while Conscience in their faces fly,
And secret whispers racking every part
Of their convinc'd, and self-condemned Heart,
That swell through spite and shame, as in
their faces

May be discern'd, as marks of their dis-
graces :

Yet, for all this, in words they will not yield,
Though Conscience tells them they have lost
the field ;

But desprately oppose themselves still
Against the Truth, through anger and self-
will ;

Forcing their stopped Mouths to rave and
rend,

In railing Rhetorick, with which they'll
end.

If Papists Truth and Reason would obey,
To real good they soon might find the way :
Till then, no doubt, Heaven will upon them
frown,

And by its stroak be shamefully cast down.
Then 'twill be vain for Turn-coats to retrieve,
What erst they might have had ; (nor can
they strive

Against the stream) wherein their senti-
ments

Are all prejudg'd ; and in such exigents,
Who fix their hopes upon contingencies,
Cannot be judged to be very wise :

But they'll not retrospect to any thing
Of Truth, when meekly urg'd, but huff and
ding ;

Yea, so fastidiously aspect on those
Which their flagitious practices oppose ;
And whose vindictive Souls (perboil'd in hate)
Damn such as own not the *Trans-Alpin* State ;
Under whose Umbrages, they think they're
blest,

And the bi-fronted *Eagle* builds her Nest,
While the poor *Phoenix* knows not where
to rest ;

Be'ng daily threatned by the Birds of prey,
Viz. The *Romish* Kites, and *Vultures* ; also they
That

That lurk in London, spawning plots apace,
And yet abjure them with a brazen face.
Look back ye blood-hounds to blest Edward's
time,

When Truth our Horizon began to climb;
And tell me what advantage have ye got
By all your plottings? Truly, not a jot.
Nay, ye have lost whole Kingdoms, chiefly
by

Massacring, and inhumane cruelty.
Sweden, Great Britain, Ireland, Denmark, and
Great part of Germany, France, Switzerland;
Hungaria, Transylvania, Belgia too,
And many more have all forsaken you:
Besides, vast Russia never own'd the Pope,
Nor the Greek Church: Nor never will, I
hope,

Because your Tenents are so black and bloody,
And ye your selves nothing but mischief study:
Your whole Religion, I may well compare
To th' Strangury, because so like they are;
Viz. Froth on the top, blood at the bottom,
and
Sometimes a tearing, burning, torturing sand:
More blood, cries Rome, because (Sirs) the
word [More]

Is th' Anagram of Rome; where sits the
Whore;

In Latin Amor, is her Anagram,
Because she loves the Sons of Ge-ben-nam.

The Anagram of Sion, [Sino] is,
Permitting Men the Son of God to kiss;
To suffer patiently, and give them leave
To Love, Fear, Worship God, and to him
cleave:

But Jesu's threaten such, though ne'er so
good,

And to send French Dragons to let us blood;
Boasting, that now they have us in a Net,
And that our Gospel Sun-shine now must set;
That they'll invade us with a Foreign crew:
Which many fear, indeed, will prove too
true.

Let them come if they dare, we fear them not,
For home-bred Brats, for all they are so hot;

For still I hope, though still they are so
high,

Their Cat-like Cause, that lusty Puff is nigh
To hanging; notwithstanding that she is
So Catarumpant now: And more than this,
John the Divine hath read her destiny;
Which many others worthies testify.
Besides, I know, (and by experience)
Her Hectors (through an evil Conscience)
To be but cowardly; especially
If but impugned somewhat strenuously:

For (credit me) true valour they have none;
And loth to fight, except they're Two to
One.

Their desprateness is far from fortitude,
For their chief Captains have amazed
stood,

Yea, utterly confounded, (as I've seen)
When but a little they have worsted been;
Fear not their threatening brags, nor yet their
Swords,

Being not so valiant in their Hearts as Words.
Whose Manhood lies in stabbing armless
people,

In Murthering the naked, weak, and feeble;
In plotting any mischief, great or small;
And Protestants by any means enthrall:
Their mighty brags (now a-la-mode de France)
Are but the copies of their countenance,
Not of their courage; for they dare not
stand

Scarcely half an hour, and fight us hand to hand:
Hold out but the first shock, and you shall see
The stoutest of them all begin to flee;
Whom they can't, or dare not harm openly,
They'll do it sneakingly, and covertly;
Or get in with their Servant-Maid, or Man,
Nurse, Midwife, Surgeon, or Physician,
Apothecary; or some one or other,
As Sister, Cousin, Uncle, Friend, or Brother,
For Gold, to poison them; but if these fail,
Then with their Tongues and Libels them
assail:

Yea, in a restless rage, they will devise
How to bespatter them with horrid lies;

H

Hiring

Hiring false witnesses at any rate;
To plague, destroy, or make them out of date:
Nay peradventure, fall to conjuring,
Thereby, if possible, some hurt to being
On them, or theirs. Who half their tricks
can tell?

For all their Plots are laid as deep as Hell;
But 'tis a comfort, God is still on high,
Who trust in him shall find security.
He laughs at all their Machinations, and
Will break their arm with his All-conquering
hand.

But e'er that time, I fear, (for sin) he will
Permit them many Protestants to kill, &c.
If so, no doubt, they'll rave, and rage again,
Where they can but the least advantage gain,
Being basely cruel where they overcome;
Thereto, impulsed by the Man of Rome.
There's little of a noble enemy
In them, except some few Nobility.

Here me (ye that with malice are so drunk,
Whose valour lies in fighting for a Punk.)
He that is cruel is a Coward too.

This Maxim (I am sure) belongs to you.
Oft have I known, and found it to be so,
In English, Irish, French, (&c.) in friend and foe.
On equal terms, 'tis rare that ye do fight.
Though your high words, faint hearts, and
fools afright.

I've help'd to cudgel you in many places,
When thousands of you durst not shew your
faces,

To one poor Regiment! well, well, but
now,

All (as you think) must to your Idol bow.

But if the Lord of Hosts be on our side,
We shall not fear you, nor your swelling tide.

'Tis possible (if we must come to blows)
That ye may have the better of your foes,

The Protestants at first (whose help and hope
Is in the Lord, not in the Lordly Pope,

In whom ye trust, on whom ye do rely
And your own merits for the victory.)

But yet at last look for a smarting blow,

A total, fatal, final overthrow.

At first, I say, you may become
Or divers times ye may us overcome
In *Prælio*, not in *Bello*. I am sure!
If God shall please us of our sins to cure.

Ye shall strike first, (if needs ye must do so)
But we'll take leave to strike the second blow.

The Laws of Nature teach us to defend
Our selves, and to we will; let who will send

You 'gainst us; or connive at what ye do.
How e'er, I wish, it may not fall out true!

Yet for my part I scorn to fear you; no,
For I have oft been at your overthrow.

VVhere reason that your cause is not of God,
VVhose Cause and Truth ye under foot have
trod.

*Frangit, & attollit vires in milite causas,
Quæ nisi iusta subest, excutit arma pudor.*

It is the cause that Soldiers animate,
VVhich if not just, shame will their force abate.

Therefore let Christ that party put to shame,
Which at his praise and glory least do aim.

Let them be routed, and re-routed too,
VVhich have the worst cause, either we or
you.

The P A U S E.

I Cannot but admire at the folly of Papists,
In wishing that the Protestants would rise,
and begin first: Nay, they have curst us, for
being so patient under so many and still reite-
rated provocations; as if they were sure to
win the day.

VVho but a madman would wake a sleeping
Lion? which if but once rouzed, would not
be easily conjur'd down, or be so soon courted
to a parley, as people imagin; therefore ye
Papists do not provoke and dare us too much,
lest ye stir up the old man in earnest; nay the
meek, the just and peaceable man, that is so
averse from war, to scatter you once more,
that so much delight in war and bloodshed,

The Jesuits new notions have infused,
By which the Universe they have abused
Bewitching and ensnaring Sophistry,
They do exalt above Divinity.
And Aristotle's Ethics (it should seem)
More than the Decalogue, they do esteem.
Do they not study Plato, more than Paul?
Nay, Machiavil the vilest wretch of all,
As much as Augustine? and Tom Aquinas,
More than Calvinus, or John the Divine?
Thomists and Scorists, do they not prefer
Before Evangelists that could not err
And their Mass-book exalts above the Scrip-
tures,
Though but an heap of heterogeneous inco-
herences.
* Jeering and mocking at Gods Sacred word,
Which of the Sacred Spirit is the Sword,
Pray tell me then, who would a Papist be
But such as mean to quit Christianity?

* Quos Deus vult perdere, i. iis permittit ludere cum
Sacris Scripturis.

To the Lake-warm Protestants.

REVENGING vengeance, soon will draw his
Sword,
And with bold sinners will be at a word,
Some storm or other must be near at hand,
To sweep away the füllage of the band
Of Heaven is provok'd, then mortals took
For strokes

To sell not only shrubs, but stately Oaks,
Lake-warm Protestants, this points out
And such as hypocrites and wantons be,
Whose avarice, self-love, and surquerry
I fear, with blood, their streets will rubricate,
Indifferency at such a time as this,
A treacherous dirty disposition is,
And far beneath a man of any worth,
High, low, rich, poor, of mean or noble birth,
Think ye that the immortal Powers will
Indulge a Levitical temper still?

What I think ye God will be a friend to those,
That friendly speak of his nefarious foes?
Let's know your hearts, ye double minded, and
Inform us truly for whom will ye stand?
For Christ or Anti-christ? leave mincing,
Come,
Be either cold or hot, I care ye for Rome?
Then say so plainly: No! ye will not yet,
Till first you see who uppermost shall get,
And if you did, ye would but equivocate,
A knack which many Tykes have learnt of late.
For amphibologie, deep dissimulation,
Perfidious practices, black perjuratious,
Procurian pranks, unthought of mysteries,
Unheard of falsehoods, Hell-born treacheries,
Who ruin such brave souls as cannot bow
To Romish Raskolens, are nothing now.
But that which most of all amazeth me,
Is, that good Church-men, there seem most to
beget to see rebuffs even has tried
Who (as they've said) would rather Papists
turn,

Than Presbyterian, whom they hate and scorn.
Which I believe, for, who let fly such darts,
Already must be Papists in their hearts.
Whose memory and names shall die, and rot.
Yea, look to see) the fury of that plot, (fear
Still fear'd so much. Yea, cause they have to
Lest God thereby should them in peeces tear,
And such as they; but this will be but sport
To such as care not for a good report.

There's also many Summer-Christians, who
Love not cold Winters blasts should on them
blow.

They'll not endure the storms of persecution,
No, least and plenty is their resolution
And rather Christ forsake, than their Estates.
And change Religion, and Religious mates.
They will be still, as is their company,
And all what they say, with them comply!
Though neer so false, or fear they should
them anger.
Therefore so such, I mean to be a stranger.
Can they that now I speak so ambiguously,
For the true Protestant Religion die?

Pray what of such dumb Asses can be made,
That are afraid to call a Spade, a Spade?
For they are neither fish nor flesh; what then?
Owls, Apes, and widgeons, or faint hearted
men.

O thou that canst a *Jannu* personate,
Thinking to save thy life, and thy estate;
Read but a paper lately set out by
Hibernicus, where see the vanity
Of trusting in vain hope, or resting on
Sly tricks, shifts and dissimulation.

For God will not be mock'd by any; no,
Not by the greatest Prince on Earth. If so,
Look to it, Sirs, for when you think to find
Favour from *Papists*, God can change their
mind.

Making them take your Lives, Estates, and all.
And other luke-warm flaves, by them to fall.
Could men catch others hearts but understand,
They'd part and live asunder out of hand.

Where's that great stranger Honesty, dost
know?

An undivided heart, who now can show?
Conscience! — what's that? pray where is't
to be found?

For Conscience now (once tender) feels no
wound.

But swallows Head, Heels, Boots, and Spurs,
and all.

And cares not though at last it turns to gall.
Some Consciences (of late) are grown so
large.

That coach and Horses, and a Western Barge
Can turn, and tack about in them with ease.
And swallow Camels with it if they please.

Thousands make shipwreck of their reputa-
tion.

VVhose fordid souls swim in dissimulation.
That mortal enemy to Reformation.

How many wretches mischief will devise
Being to all honesty sworn enemies.

And strangely bent upon all wickedness;
Yea, in their Villanie themselves they please.

Vice marcheth boldly even in rank and file;
And rusheth like the Carracks of Nile.

Nay, like a Serpent long to grow so formidable,
That *Hercules* to curb it shan't be able.
Men seem to rant it with authority,
Swimming in Oceans of iniquity.

For do they not rush thorow thick and thin,
As if they were on purpose born to sin?
Nay, they will needs be damn'd, if they will,
to Hell.

Come what will of it, be it ill or well,
Damm'd 'em! what do they care for Hell or
Grave?

So they Pleasure here on Earth may have.
The other Lass, and t'other Glass of Sack,
Come, all is well enough, here's to thee, *Fuck*,
(saith one to's Comrade) and thus they spend
Their Lives, which they like Reprobates
do end.

Repute defac'd, or once with baseness stain'd,
Will hardly, very hardly, be regain'd.
Mens Vertues and their Vices ever hidey,
Time nor the Grave shall any of them hide;

But many so debauch'd and brutish are,
That to be infamous they nothing care.

Some now are made Offenders for a word,
Because with Rapiers they can not accord;
Which Vex'm now begin to swarm apace,
Urging their betters with a brazen face:

Will to be feared, that imperious Rabble,
May in a short time grow very formidable.
He that departeth from iniquity,
Is sure to make himself a prey, thereby,

To such a savage Popery; for those
That do for Wine and Wench pawn their
Clothes.

Who cannot *Shibboleth* pronounce aright,
Will be in danger of some Popish Knight,
Knight of the Post, I mean, or of some tale
wright.

Who can be safe, though need so innocent,
While Rogues are upon blood and mischief
bent?

If Perjury were well at hand, as
Good Men would not be half so much amate'd.
How stupid, Sir, how blinnd must they be,
That see not God, in ought, but what they see

Proximate objects are conspicuous;
Not things remote, unto the vicious.
They mind what's seen by the corporeal eye,
Not things unseen, which only faith can spy.
Tremendous Tribulations nothing are,
With them that are immerg'd in Hellish care.
All the veracity of sacred writ,
The Majesty of him that penned it;
Nor those black Scenes that mount the Brit-
tish Stage,

Move not the Monsters of this wretched Age:
Whose care and study is to be unjust;
Whose Glory is in their shame, whose Law is
Lust.

Cupidity backt with saturity,
Is the true complex of sensuality.
What Rhetorick can court such Swine to good?
What Logick can convince a perjured brood?
What Arguments hot Humors once can cool,
Or from old Customs wear a doating fool?
What Words, what thundering Lectures,
Verse, and Prose,

Can bring old Formalists with truth to close?
What thwacking Rhimes, what Satyrs can
dehort
Young Ranters from their Lusts, and base
deport?

What charming Eloquence can Courtiers win,
To him that's ready to remis their sin?
What Golden-mouth'd Chryseids can all

Men to that bliss, which ever shall endure?
What Paul or Peter, what Balaams can

Reach Meritorians to the Son of Man?
What Angel some Professors can convince

Of spiritual pride, self-love self-excellence?
What Saints, or Sons of Thunder, can per-

swade
Fools into Romish Errors, not to wade?

What Solon can convince some blockheads,
That

There ever was of late a Popish Plot?
What a strange Prophane tickle Age is this,

When Truth is scorn'd, and falshood courted
is?

Where's a true dealer to be found, canst tell?
Pray what's his Name? Ho, where, where
doth he dwell?

What Press, or Pulpit, can some sordid fools
Bring to confess an error? 'tis such Tools

The Jesuits make use of at a pinch,
Knowing they'l die like Dogs, rather than
finch

From their Assertions, be they ne'er so wrong,
And of such, now in London, there's a throng,
Which haunt Clubs, Coffee-houses, Taverns,
and

With great Mens Servants, oft go hand in
hand,

To Proselyte, or learn from them such News
As may their Lords (if Protestants) abuse;

Be-ly, traduce, (&c.) that they might odious
makethem,

Whilst Gomanises for honest Men mistake
them;

I mean those Semi-Jesuits, those tools,
By whom the Jesuits make so many fools;

Thus, many are half-Jesuits, although
They know it not; yet I can prove them so;

For they the very Leaven in them have
Of those grand Pharisees (men to deprave);

Their jokes, and wheedles, quirks, reserves
and shifts,

Stile, arguments, craft, impudence, and
drifts,

Who gin to appear of late on open Stage;
Most of them under Thirty years of Age;

Spritely quick witted Blades some of them are;
Therefore the fitter others to ensnare;

Debauch, empoison, as indeed they do,
Th'effects whereof, I fear, you'l find too

true.
For next to no Religion, they will choose
The worst Religion, and the best refuse;

For Popery indulgeth any sin,
That any wretch is pleased to live in;

So he but own the Church of Rome; also
Make his Confession to the Priest, and go

To Mass sometimes, then all is very well;
But all this will not keep them out of Hell.

Nay,

Nay, there are the Jesuits, or Jesuitesses,
As Nurfes; Midwives, Chamber-maids;
Laundresses;

Sly Teachers, Cook-maids, Madam-Visitors,
Dressers, and Gossiping Inquisitors, &c.
Pretending zealous Protestants to be,
Whom at the Church you very often see;
Whose Work is to debauch the Family,
Or taint them with the pest of Papistry:
He carries lies and tales from place to place,
Tending their Lords and Ladies to disgrace, &c.

And others that are steady Protestants,
Have from those Mimmicks many quips and taunts;

Which, notwithstanding, patiently they bear;
Yet th'other, for all that, cannot forbear;
For which their yearly censures: Thus you see,

How rife the *Romish* Locusts 'mongst us be?
Who are between half Protestants, half
Papists;

Or semi-*Romanist*, and semi-Atheists,
Popery's a Plague, which all Men ought to
shun,

And from it, ev'n as from a Serpent run;
For it will turn a Saint into a Devil,
A Man into a Monster full of evil:

Also transform a Lamb into a Lion;
The meekest Man into a Wolf; and *Sion*
Into the Grave, if God did not befriend her;

And from the *Romish* Tygre still defend her.
A Mass of errors is the Popish Mass;
Then who would own it but a very Ass?

A CAUTION.

I Would have none with Jesuits dispute,
But such as know that they can them refute;
For weak disputants they will soon confound,
By which the true Religion loseth ground:
For those young blades, I mentioned above,
Good Counsel may (perhaps) some of them
move;

And where Advice and Counsel take no
place,

There, to be sure, all goes to wrack and waste:
But such as study words, more than fit matter,
They give not Counsel; no, they do but
chatter.

In Council, Time and Place, should be ob-
serv'd,

The Party's humour too; for all is marr'd
Timing of things, that is, to speak in season,
Will make a Brute give ear to truth and
reason.

First, strive to plow their Hearts, (that
fallow ground,

And weed from thence whatever is unsound,
Before you sow the Seeds of admonition,
(Or they will rest still in the same condition.)

Then he that hath a penetrating strain,
May pierce the ear, not only, but the brain;
Whence it may drop, perchance, into the
heart,

But God, in this, must act the chiefest part.
But some (though ignorant) think they are
wise,

So scorn that Men should think they need
Advice;

These seem the greatest fools of all to me
Because they over-rate themselves; but he
That takes a wife mans counsel (as some do)

I reckon him the wiser of the two.
I wish I could write what I would, of such
As for a little Silver care not much

Deformers, not Reformers, still excite
Informers, Non-conformers, to indite.

Truth and Plain-dealing under-foot are laid,
And Protestants by Protestants betray'd,
Such as should Preach up Love and Unity
Rather excite to strife and enmity:

Nay, *Protestants*, even of the *British* Church
Can now leave one another in the lurch.

Ephraim against *Manasses* draws his Sword,
Yet both against poor *Judah*, can accord:
Old friends now take each other by the
Throat;

Neighbours pick holes in one anothers coat.

Some

Some called Protestants, (but *alias* Athiests,) Now ly upon the catch as well as Papists.

Falſe Jury-men, Perjurors, Perjurators, Have at the Court, found potent animators.

Yea, Juries have been packt on purpoſe to Clear Nocents, and poor Innocents undo.

Jury-men have been bribed to betray An honeſt cauſe, and have what in them lay.

Might beats down-right, (for right or wrong it would)

So that poor people have been bought and ſold.

Yea, worthy Patriots too, (and that of late) Have been deſtroy'd to ſerve a turn of State.

Yea, ſome have privately been made away, Becauſe they would not change a yea, to nay.

Divine *Aſtra* up to Heaven is fled, For here on Earth no Juſtice can be had.

Vindex! where art thou? why ſo long a ſleep?

Behold, how wolves devour the ſilly ſheep, Papists, and ſemi-Papists, have agreed

Like Cannibals, on Proteſtants to feed. For have they not reſolv'd our blood to ſpill,

And all that would not ſide with them, to kill?

And Rubriſe the Streets in every Town? So make us truckle to the Tripple Crown.

Then pluck the Roſe up by the roots (at laſt) And plant the Lilly in its head, and blaſt

The Thistle (if they can) alſo now ſtring The Harp again. (Good muſick for a King)

And now they wait for the appointed time, (When all their Irons are heated firſt) to climb

The *Britiſh* Stage; and rule the Nation too, Which they already have begun to do.

God knows what next they will be at mean ſeaſon,

To ſpeak againſt their height, is counted Treason.

Who can impeding wo's avert, but he That ſaid to Sion, *I will ſuccour thee.*

The *Heliotrope* turns always with the Sun, And ſo continues till the race is run.

The Jeſuits ſhew no ſuch friendlineſs, To Jeſus Chriſt the Sun of Righteouſneſs.

Their Sun (or *Cynofura*) is the Pope, They follow him, though in the dark he grope.

Choiſe to walk by Owl-light, that they might Not ſee the beamings forth of Goſpel-light.

The Sun to Plaints more welcome is, than he That made the Sun to men, is here we ſee!

Thus they of Vegetives might learn ſome good,

Were they not of the Antichriſtian brood. The *Heliochryſe* (when *Sol* doth culminate

The Horizon, his glory to dilate.) His Golden Leaves expandeth out of love

To *Phaſus*, while he walks the Rounds above. But Jeſuits when the Son of God doth riſe

With healing mercies, yet! they him deſpiſe. But the Popes bloody Mandates they embrace.

Yet *Jacob's* Star and his Commands debase. Sure they muſt be the proſelytes of Hell,

ſith all in works of darkneſs they excell. Thus from the Truth they willfully do range,

Which with the Church of Rome is nothing ſtrange.

E. R. R. 4. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

PAG. 7. l. 31. wants the word *rather*. p. 17. l. 25. for *ſuſhes* r. *ſaſhes*. p. 17. l. 35. for *louſe* r. *looſe*. p. 19. l. 18. for *when* r. *then*. p. 19. l. 30. add the word *to*, before *be*. p. 29. l. 16. for *Emore* r. *Emori*. p. 38. l. 10. for *thy* r. *they*. p. 38. l. 6. for *into* r. *unto*. p. 39. l. 20. wants the word *alſo*. p. 41. l. 20. wants the word *ſhe*. p. 41. l. 9. for *this* r. *thy*. p. 43. l. 10. for *Say*, *ſay*, r. *ſa*, *ſa*. p. 46. l. 7. for *this* r. *thy*.

THE EPILOGUE

THE World's a Lottery, which do comprehend
A thousand Blanks, for one true-hearted Friend.

An open enemy is better far
Than a dissembling Friend (in Peace or War),
Dissemblers are the Devils Embassadors,
And hollow-hearted Knaves, his Chancellors,
Where's nothing but external Sanctity,

There's neither faith nor truth, nor honesty.
Some holy men in show, may prove in time,
But hollow-hearted Tyks (a double crime)

Diffimulata sanctitas, est duplex iniquitas.

Dissemblers can avert to any shape,
For small advantage they will be your Ape.
They change the day to night, the night to day.
Tide, turn and wind, and change, e'en when they prey.
Their Tongue and heart do seldom go together,
Nor Fish, nor Fleish, nor good Red-herring neither.
Sure but a few would gladly be acquainted
With one, that's [only] with Religion painted.

But here's enough to warn the wiser sort,
'Tis folly (fools) from danger to desert.

Quis me impune laceffit?

FINIS

THE
GENERAL EXERCISE

Ordered by his HIGHNESS the

Prince of Orange,

To be punctually observed of all the *INFANTRY*
in Service of the

STATES GENERAL

OF THE

United Provinces.

BEING

A most Worthy *COMPENDIUM*, very useful
for all Persons concerned in that Noble
EXERCISE of ARMS.

2 Sam. 22. 40. *For thou hast girded me with strength to Battel; them that rose up
against me, hast thou subdued under me.*

LONDON,

Printed for William Marshall at the Bible in New-
gate-Street, 1689.

God knows what a time they will be at
 I have been back on purpose
 I have been back on purpose
 I have been back on purpose

THE EPILOGUE

THE World's a Lottery, which is a representation of
 A thousand Blanks, for one that bears the Prize
 An open enemy is better far
 Than a dissimbling Friend (in Peace or War)
 Dissimblers are the Devils Ambassadors,
 And halloo-hearted Knaves, big Chancellors
 Whose's nothing but eternal Sanctity,
 Their words are false, nor truth, nor honesty
 Shall hold him in show may prove in time
 But halloo-hearted Tykes (a double crime)

Dissimulata sanctitas, est duplex iniquitas.

Dissimblers can over to any shape
 For small advantage they will be your slave
 They change the day to night, the night to day
 Yes, turn and wind and change, even when they pray
 Their Tongue and heart do seldom go together
 Nor Fish, nor Fleety nor good Red herring neither
 Sure but a few would really be acquainted
 With one, that's [only] with Religion painted
 But here's enough to warn the miser sort,
 'Tis folly (fools) from danger to depart.

Quis me impune laceret

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THE

GENERAL EXHIBIT

Prize of Honor

To the person who shall have obtained the highest mark in the examination of the

ST. MARKS SCHOOL

for the year 1881

1881

Presented to the person who shall have obtained the highest mark in the examination of the

ST. MARKS SCHOOL

for the year 1881

THE GENERAL EXERCISE

Ordered by his HIGHNESS the

Prince of Orange,

To be punctually observed of all the Infantry in Service of the *States-General* of the United Provinces.

General Observations.

IT must be understood that before the Exercise begin, the Officers at the first Advertisement by tuck of Drum advancing their Pikes, shall turn about to the right ; and upon the second, march through the Battalion, ranging themselves in the Rear in the same order they were upon the Front; the Sergeants, who were posted behind the Battalion, separating themselves to the right and left, shall take their Places upon the Flanks till the Exercise be done, and the Officers shall have taken their former Post upon the Front at the fore-mentioned Advertisement by tuck of Drum, at which time the said Sergeants shall also return to the Rear as before.

II.

The Drummers shall stay upon the Wings of the Battalion during the Exercise, excepting those that are in the Center before the Pikes, who in the time that the Officers march through to the Rear, shall range themselves behind the Major, to be always ready either for giving Advertisements, or in case the Battalion might be exercised by tuck of Drum.

III.

No man shall offer to stir or make the least motion till the Word of Command be fully pronounced, and then to perform what shall be commanded with a graceful readiness, and quick motion all at the same time.

IV.

The Souldier having his Musket shoulder'd, must stand straight up on his Limbs, hold up his Head, and look always to the commanding Officer, making no Motion, but such as shall be ordered, which must be observed as a general Rule in all Commands.

V.

The Souldiers must keep their Feet a small pace distant from each other, their Heels straight in a line, and their Toes turned outwardly, holding their Muskets with their left hand upon their left Shoulder, the Thumb in the hollow above the Butt, holding the Iron which covers the Drawer close to the Shoulder, that the Muzzel of the Musket behind may stand somewhat high, turning the Lock a little outward, so that the Butt may come to the Buttons, or middle of the Breast, and the Muskets over all be the more equally carried.

VI.

The Match must be holden in the left hand, one end betwixt the first and second finger, and the other betwixt the two last, both the ends a fingers length without the back of the hand, so that the rest thereof may hang betwixt the hand and the Butt of the Musket; and because in exercising the Match is to be laid down no more, it must never be kindled without expresse Order,

VII.

With a shoulder'd Musket the left Elbow ought to be turned a little outwards from the Body, but without constraint of the Arm, and the right Arm hanging loose downwards along the Body with the Palm of the hand turned to the Thigh.

The

The Manual of the Muskets.

Joyn your right hand to your Muskets.

Poisse your Muskets.

Joyn your left hand to your Muskets.

Take your Matches.

Blow your Matches.

Cock your Matches.

Try your Matches.

Guard your Pans.

Blow your Matches.

Open your Pans in presenting.

Give Fire.

Recover your Arms.

Return your Matches.

Blow your Pans.

Handle your Primers.

Prime.

Shut your Pans.

Blow off your loose Corns.

Cast about to charge.

Handle your Chargers.

Open them with your Teeth.

Charge with Powder.

Charge with Bullet.

Wadd from your Hats.

Draw forth your Scowrsers.

Hold them up.

Shorten them to your Breasts.

Put them in the Barrels.

Ram down your Shot.

Withdraw your Scowrsers.

31. Hold

31. Hold them up.
32. Shorten them to your Breasts.
33. Put them up in their places.
34. Joyn your right hand to your Muskets.
35. Poise your Muskets.
36. Shoulder your Muskets.
37. Rest your Muskets.
38. Order your Muskets.
39. Lay down your Muskets.
40. Take up your Muskets.
41. Rest your Muskets.
42. Club your Muskets.
43. Rest your Muskets.
44. Shoulder your Muskets.

Take heed to make ready by three Words of Command.

1. Make ready.
2. Present.
3. Give Fire.

Here follows the Manual of a Grenadier, beginning from a Shoulder'd Fire-lock.

1. Joyn your right hand to your Fire-locks.
2. Poise your Fire-locks.
3. Joyn your left hand to your Fire-locks.
4. Bend your Fire-locks.
5. Present.
6. Give Fire.
7. Recover your Arms.
8. Handle your Slings.
9. Sling your Fire-locks upon your Shoulders.

10. Take your Matches.
11. Take your Grenades.
12. Open the Grenade Fuse.
13. Guard the Grenade Fuse with your Thumbs.
14. Blow your Matches.
15. Fire and deliver your Grenades.
16. Return your Matches.
17. Handle your Slings.
18. Poise your Fire-locks.
19. Cast about your Fire-locks to left side.
20. Draw your Daggers.
21. Screw your Daggers in the Muzzle of your Fire-locks.
22. Rest your Daggers.
23. Charge your Daggers the butt to the right knee.
24. Stand up again, and rest your Daggers.
25. Cast about your Daggers to the left side.
26. Withdraw your Daggers.
27. Put up your Daggers.
28. Half-bend your Fire-locks.
29. Blow your Pans.
30. Handle your Primers.
31. Prime.
32. Shut your Pans.
33. Cast about to charge.
34. Handle your Cartridges.
35. Open your Cartridges.
36. Charge your Cartridges.
37. Draw forth your Scowlers.
38. Hold them up.
39. Shorten them to your Breasts.
40. Put them in the Barrels.
41. Ram down your Shot.

42. With

42. Withdraw your Scowrers.
43. Hold them up.
44. Shorten them to your Breasts.
45. Put them up in their places.
46. Joyn your right hand to your Fire-locks.
47. Poise your Fire-locks.
48. Shoulder your Fire-locks.
49. Rest your Fire locks.
50. Order your Fire-locks.
51. Lay down your Fire-locks.
52. Take up your Fire-locks.
53. Rest your Fire-locks.
54. Club your Fire-locks.
55. Rest your Fire-locks.
56. Shoulder your Fire-locks.

Take heed you be ready to give fire by three Words of Command.

57

1. Make ready.
2. Present.
3. Give Fire.

Take heed ye be ready to fire your Grenades by three Words of Command.

58

1. Make ready.
2. Blow your Match.
3. Fire, and deliver your Grenades.

Take heed ye be ready to use your Daggers by three Words of Command.

59

1. Make ready.
2. Charge your Daggers, the Butt against the right Knee.
3. Rest your Daggers.

Take heed to make your Fire-locks ready again.

60

Make ready your Fire-locks.

Here

Here follows the Manual of the Pike, beginning from the Advance.

TH E Posture of a Pike-man with his Pike advanced, must be the same as the Musketers with a shoulder'd Musket, viz. that he stand straight upon his Limbs, holding up his Head, looking briskly, with his Eye always turned towards the Commanding Officer, and making no other motions than the Commands do bear, that he keep his Feet a small pace distant from each other, his Heels in a straight Line, his Toes turn'd outwardly, and holding the Butt end of the Pike in his right hand, stretched downwards along his Body to the full length, so that the back of his hand be turn'd so much outwardly, as his Arm in such posture can suffer without constraint, and the Pike be kept close as well to his shoulder as the outside of his Thigh, that it may stand straight upwards, without inclining to either hand, which Posture must be always observed with an advanced Pike.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. Charge to the Front. | 20. To the left about charge. |
| 2. As you were. | 21. To the right, as you were. |
| 3. Charge to the right. | 22. Port your Pikes. |
| 4. To the left, as you were. | 23. Charge to the Front. |
| 5. Charge to the left. | 24. Trail your Pikes the Spear behind. |
| 6. To the right, as you were. | 25. Charge, as you were. |
| 7. To the right about charge. | 26. Push your Pikes. |
| 8. To the left, as you were. | 27. Trail your Pikes the Spear before. |
| 9. To the left about charge. | 28. Present your Spears. |
| 10. To the right, as you were. | 29. Charge to the Front. |
| 11. Shoulder your Pikes. | 30. Advance your Pikes. |
| 12. Charge to the Front. | 31. Order your Pikes. |
| 13. Shoulder as you were. | 32. Lay down your Pikes. |
| 14. Charge to the right. | 33. Take up your Pikes. |
| 15. To the left, as you were. | 34. Plant your Pikes. |
| 16. Charge to the left. | 35. Order your Pikes. |
| 17. To the right, as you were. | 36. Advance your Pikes. |
| 18. To the right about charge. | |
| 19. To the left, as you were. | |

Here

Head, keep their Bodies in a straight and unconstrained posture, and look briskly.

Here follow the Evolutions.

General Words of Command.

1. Take heed.

AT the pronouncing of this Word, there must be great Silence observed throughout the whole Battalion, the Soldiers doing no motions neither with their Heads, Bodies, Hands or Feet, but such as shall be ordered, and looking stedfastly to the commanding Officer, as hath been said above concerning the Manual.

2. Carry well your Arms.

3. Dress your Ranks and your Files.

Evolutions with Muskets and Pikes together.

1. Present your Arms.

6. To the left about.

2. To the right.

7. To the right, as you were.

3. To the right.

8. Poyse your Muskets, and advance your Pikes.

4. To the right.

9. Shoulder your Muskets.

5. To the right about.

Take heed to double your Ranks to the Front.

6. To the left, as you were.

1. To the left.

10. To the right, double our Ranks to the Front.

2. To the left.

11. March.

3. To the left.

4. To the left.

Here it must be observed, as also by all other Marches, that all the Soldiers of the same Rank make the first step with the left foot, lifting all at the same time, to the end that marching softly, looking continually to the sides, more especially to the right, they may keep the Rank straight, and come upon their places all together, stepping, so that with four paces they may enter the Rank that is before them, having special care to carry their Arms well, hold up their

Head,

Head, keep their Bodies in a straight and unconstrained posture, and look briskly.

12. To the left, as you were.

13. March.

14. Halt.

15. To the left, double your Ranks to the Front.

16. March.

17. To the right, as you were.

18. March.

19. Halt.

Take heed to double your Ranks to the Rear.

20. To the right about, double your Ranks to the Rear.

21. March.

22. Halt.

23. As you were.

24. March.

25. To the left about, double your Ranks to the Rear.

26. March.

27. Halt.

28. As you were.

29. March.

Take heed by half Files to double your Ranks to the Front.

30. To the right, by half Files double your Ranks to the Front.

31. March.

32. To the left, as you were.

33. March.

34. Halt.

35. To the left by half Files, double your Ranks to the Front.

36. March.

37. To the right, as you were.

38. March.

39. Halt.

Take heed by half Files to double your Ranks to the Rear.

40. To the right about by half Files double your Ranks to the Rear.

41. March.

42. Halt.

43. As you were.

44. March.

45. To the left about by half Files double your Ranks to the Rear.

46. March.

47. Halt.

48. As you were.

49. Halt.

Take heed to double your Files.

50. To the right double your Files.

51. March.

52. Halt.

53. To the left, as you were.

54. March.

55. To the left, double your Files.

56. March.

57. Halt.

58. To the right, as you were.

59. March.

Take

Take heed to double your Files by half Ranks.

60. By half Ranks to the right, double your Files.

61. March.

62. Halt.

63. To the left as you were.

Every Division must double its Files in it self, and the odd File must stand on its ground.

Take heed to contre-march by Files.

72. By Files to the right about, contre-march.

73. March.

74. By Files to the left about, contre-march.

75. March.

Take heed to contre-march by Ranks.

76. By Ranks to the right, contre-march.

77. March.

78. Halt.

79. By Ranks to the left, contre-march.

80. March.

81. Halt.

Take heed to close your Files.

82. From the right and left, close your Files to the Center.

83. March.

84. Halt.

64. March.

65. Halt.

66. By half Ranks to the left double your Files.

67. March.

68. Halt.

69. To the right, as you were.

70. March.

71. Halt.

Take heed to close your Ranks.

85. Close your Ranks to the Front.

86. March.

Take heed to wheel.

87. Wheel to the right.

88. March.

89. Halt.

90. Wheel to the right.

91. March.

92. Halt.

93. To the right about, wheel.

94. March.

95. Halt.

96. Wheel to the left.

97. March.

98. Halt.

99. Wheel to the left.

100. March.

101. Halt.

102. To the left about, wheel.

103. March.

104. Halt.

Take

Take heed to put your Ranks and
Files at their former distance.

105. Files to the right and left,
take your former distances.

106. March.

107. Halt.

Take heed to put your Ranks at the
former distance.

108. Ranks, as you were.

109. March.

110. Halt.

Take heed to lay down your Arms.

111. Rest your Muskets.

112. Order your Arms.

113. Lay down your Arms.

Take heed to quit your Arms.

114. For Straw.

115. March.

116. To your Arms.

117. Put up your Swords.

118. Take up your Arms.

119. Rest your Muskets.

120. Poyle your Muskets, and advance your Pikes.

121. Should your Muskets.

FINIS.

